

# THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF  
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4650. [REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER]

FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1919

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**C**LIO is one of the most glorious of the Muses ; but, as everyone knows, she (like her sister Melpomene) suffers from a sad defect : she is apt to be pompous. With her buskins, her robes, and her airs of importance she is at times, indeed, almost intolerable. But fortunately the Fates have provided a corrective. They have decreed that in her stately advances she should be accompanied by certain apish, impish creatures, who run round her tittering, pulling long noses, threatening to trip the good lady up, and even sometimes whisking to one side the corner of her drapery, and revealing her undergarments in a most indecorous manner. They are the diarists and letter-writers, the gossips and journalists of the past, the Pepyses and Horace Walpoles and Saint-Simons, whose function it is to reveal to us the littleness underlying great events and to remind us that history itself was once real life. Among them is Mr. Creevey. The Fates decided that Mr. Creevey should accompany Clio, with appropriate gestures, during that part of her progress which is measured by the thirty years preceding the accession of Victoria ; and the little wretch did his job very well.

It might almost be said that Thomas Creevey was "born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly." At any rate, we know nothing of his youth, save that he was educated at Cambridge, and he presents himself to us in the early years of the nineteenth century as a middle-aged man, with a character and a habit of mind already fixed and an established position in the world. In 1803 we find him what he was to be for the rest of his life—a member of Parliament, a familiar figure in high society, an insatiable gossip with a rattling tongue. That he should have reached and held the place he did is a proof of his talents, for he was a very poor man ; for the greater part of his life his income was less than £200 a year. But those were the days of patrons and jobs, pocket-boroughs and

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sinecures ; they were the days, too, of vigorous, bold living, torrential talk, and splendid hospitality ; and it was only natural that Mr. Creevey, penniless and immensely entertaining should have been put into Parliament by a Duke, and welcomed in every great Whig house in the country with open arms. It was also only natural that, spending his whole political life as an advanced Whig, bent upon the destruction of abuses, he should have begun that life as a member for a pocket-borough and ended it as the holder of a sinecure. For a time his poverty was relieved by his marriage with a widow who had means of her own ; but Mrs. Creevey died, her money went to her daughters by her previous husband, and Mr. Creevey reverted to a possessionless existence—without a house, without servants, without property of any sort—wandering from country mansion to country mansion, from dinner-party to dinner-party, until at last in his old age, on the triumph of the Whigs, he was rewarded with a pleasant little post which brought him in about £600 a year. Apart from these small ups and downs of fortune, Mr. Creevey's life was static—static spiritually, that is to say ; for physically he was always on the move. His adventures were those of an observer, not of an actor ; but he was an observer so very near the centre of

things that he was by no means dispassionate ; the rush of great events would whirl him round into the vortex, like a leaf in an eddy of wind ; he would rave, he would gesticulate, with the fury of a complete partisan ; and then, when the wind dropped, he would be found, like the leaf, very much where he was before. Luckily, too, he was not merely an agitated observer, but an observer who delighted in passing on his agitations, first with his tongue, and then—for so the Fates had decided—with his pen. He wrote easily, spicily, and persistently ; he had a favourite step-daughter, with whom he corresponded for years ; and so it happens that we have preserved to us, side by side with the majestic march of Clio (who, of course, paid not the slightest attention to him), Mr. Creevey's exhilarating *pas de chat*.

Certainly he was not over-given to the praise of famous men. There are no great names in his vocabulary—only nicknames: George III is "Old Nobs," the Regent "Prinney," Wellington "the Beau," Lord John Russell "Pie and Thimble," Brougham, with whom he was on very friendly terms, is sometimes "Bruffam," sometimes "Beelzebub," and sometimes "Old Wickedshifts"; and Lord Durham, who once remarked that one could "jog along on £40,000 a year," is "King Jog." The latter was one of the great Whig potentates, and it was characteristic of Creevey that his scurrility should have been poured out with a special gusto over his own leaders. The Tories were villains of course—Canning was all perfidy and "infinite meanness," Huskisson a mass of "intellectual confusion and mental dirt," Castlereagh . . . But all that was obvious and hardly worth mentioning; what was really too exacerbating to be borne was the folly and vileness of the Whigs. "King Jog," the "Bogey," "Mother Cole," and the rest of them—they were either knaves or imbeciles. Lord Grey was an exception; but then Lord Grey, besides passing the Reform Bill, presented Mr. Creevey with the Treasurership of the Ordnance, and in fact was altogether a most worthy man.

Another exception was the Duke of Wellington, whom, somehow or other, it was impossible not to admire. Creevey, throughout his life, had a trick of being "in at the death" on every important occasion: in the House, at Brooks's, at the Pavilion, he invariably popped up at the critical moment; and so one is not surprised to find him at Brussels during Waterloo. More than that, he was the first English civilian to see the Duke after the battle, and his report of the conversation is admirable; one can almost hear the "It has been a damned serious business. Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life," and the "By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there." On this occasion the Beau spoke, as was fitting, "with the greatest gravity all the time, and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy." But at other times he was jocular, especially when "Prinney" was the subject. "By God! you never saw such a figure in your life as he is. Then he speaks and swears so like old Falstaff, that damn me if I was not ashamed to walk into the room with him."

When, a few years later, the trial of Queen Caroline came on, it was inevitable that Creevey should be there. He had an excellent seat in the front row, and his descriptions of "Mrs. P.," as he preferred to call her Majesty, are characteristic:—

Two folding doors within a few feet of me were suddenly thrown open, and in entered her Majesty. To describe to you her appearance and manner is far beyond my powers. I had been taught to believe she was as much improved in looks as in dignity of manners; it is therefore with much pain I am obliged to observe that the nearest resemblance I can recollect to this much injured Princess is a toy which you used to call Fanny Royds [a Dutch doll]. There is another toy of a rabbit or a cat, whose tail you squeeze under its body, and then out it jumps in half a minute off the ground into the air. The first of these toys you must suppose to represent the person of the Queen; the latter the manner by which she popped all at once into the House, made a *duck* at the throne, another to the Peers, and a concluding jump into the chair which was placed for her. Her dress was black figured gauze, with a good deal of trimming, lace, &c., her sleeves white, and perfectly episcopal; a handsome white veil, so thick as to make

it very difficult to me, who was as near to her as any one, to see her face; such a back for variety and inequality of ground as you never beheld; with a few straggling ringlets on her neck, which I flatter myself from their appearance were not her Majesty's own property.

Mr. Creevey, it is obvious, was not the man to be abashed by the presence of Royalty.

But such public episodes were necessarily rare, and the main stream of his life flowed rapidly, gaily, and unobtrusively through the fat pastures of high society. Everywhere and always he enjoyed himself extremely, but his spirits and his happiness were at their highest during his long summer sojourns at those splendid country houses whose hospitality he chronicles with indefatigable *verve*. "This house," he says at Raby, "is itself *by far* the most magnificent and unique in several ways that I have ever seen . . . As long as I have heard of anything, I have heard of being driven into the hall of this house in one's carriage, and being set down by the fire. You can have no idea of the magnificent perfection with which this is accomplished." At Knowsley "the new dining-room is opened; it is 53 feet by 37, and such a height that it destroys the effect of all the other apartments . . . There are two fireplaces; and the day we dined there, there were 36 wax candles over the table, 14 on it, and ten great lamps on tall pedestals about the room." At Thorp Perrow "all the living rooms are on the ground floor, one a very handsome one about 50 feet long, with a great bow furnished with rose-coloured satin, and the whole furniture of which cost £4,000." At Goodwood the rooms were done up in "brightest yellow satin," and at Holkham the walls were covered with Genoa velvet, and there was gilding worth a fortune on "the roofs of all the rooms and the doors." The fare was as sumptuous as the furniture. Life passed amid a succession of juicy chops, gigantic sirloins, plump fowls, pheasants stuffed with *pâté de foie gras*, gorgeous Madeiras, ancient Ports. Wine had a double advantage: it made you drunk; it also made you sober: it was its own cure. On one occasion, when Sheridan, after days of riotous living, showed signs of exhaustion, Mr. and Mrs. Creevey pressed upon him "five or six glasses of light French wine," with excellent effect. Then, at midnight, when the talk began to flag and the spirits grew a little weary, what could be more rejuvenating than to ring the bell for a broiled bone? And one never rang in vain—except, to be sure, at King Jog's. There, while the host was guzzling, the guests starved. This was too much for Mr. Creevey, who, finding he could get nothing for breakfast, while King Jog was "eating his own fish as comfortably as could be," fairly lost his temper.

My blood beginning to boil, I said: "Lambton, I wish you could tell me what quarter I am to apply to for some fish." To which he replied in the most impertinent manner: "The servant, I suppose." I turned to Mills and said pretty loud: "Now, if it was not for the fuss and jaw of the thing, I would leave the room and the house this instant"; and dwelt on the damned outrage. Mills said: "He hears every word you say": to which I said: "I hope he does." It was a regular scene.

A few days later, however, Mr. Creevey was consoled by finding himself in a very different establishment, where "everything is of a piece—excellent and plentiful dinners, a fat service of plate, a fat butler, a table with a barrel of oysters and a hot pheasant"

&c., wheeled into the drawing-room every night at half-past ten."

It is difficult to remember that this was the England of the Six Acts, of Peterloo, and of the Industrial Revolution. Mr. Creevey, indeed, could hardly be expected to remember it, for he was utterly unconscious of the existence—of the possibility—of any mode of living other than his own. For him, dining-rooms 50 feet long, bottles of Madeira, broiled bones, and the brightest yellow satin were as necessary and obvious a part of the constitution of the universe as the light of the sun and the law of gravity. Only once in his life was he seriously ruffled; only once did a public question present itself to him as something alarming, something portentous, something more than a personal affair. The occasion is significant. On March 16, 1825, he writes:

I have come to the conclusion that our Ferguson is *insane*. He quite foamed at the mouth with rage in our Railway Committee in support of this infernal nuisance—the loco-motive Monster, carrying *eighty tons* of goods, and navigated by a tail of smoke and sulphur, coming thro' every man's grounds between Manchester and Liverpool.

His perturbation grew. He attended the committee assiduously, but in spite of his efforts it seemed that the railway Bill would pass. The loco-motive was more than a joke. He sat every day from 12 to 4; he led the opposition with long speeches. "This railway," he exclaims on May 31, "is the devil's own." Next day, he is in triumph: he had killed the Monster.

Well—this devil of a railway is strangled at last . . . To-day we had a clear majority in committee in our favour, and the promoters of the Bill withdrew it, and took their leave of us.

With a sigh of relief he whisked off to Ascot, for the festivities of which he was delighted to note that "Prinney" had prepared "by having 12 oz. of blood taken from him by cupping."

Old age hardly troubled Mr. Creevey. He grew a trifle deaf, and he discovered that it was possible to wear woollen stockings under his silk ones; but his activity, his high spirits, his popularity, only seemed to increase. At the end of a party ladies would crowd round him. "Oh, Mr. Creevey, how agreeable you have been!" "Oh, thank you, Mr. Creevey! how useful you have been." "Dear Mr. Creevey, I laughed out loud last night in bed at one of your stories." One would like to add (rather late in the day, perhaps) one's own praises. One feels almost affectionate; a certain sincerity, a certain immediacy in his response to stimuli, are endearing qualities; one quite understands that it was natural, on the pretext of changing house, to send him a dozen of wine. Above all, one wants him to go on. Why should he stop? Why should he not continue indefinitely telling us about "Old Salisbury" and "Old Madagascar"? But it could not be.

Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, Madame;  
Las! Le temps non, mais nous, nous en allons.

It was fitting that, after fulfilling his seventy years, he should catch a glimpse of "little Vic" as Queen of England, laughing, eating, and showing her gums too much at the Pavilion. But that was enough: the piece was over; the curtain had gone down; and on the new stage that was preparing for very different characters, and with a very different style of decoration, there would be no place for Mr. Creevey.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

## HOOPS AT DUSK

The west is changing, green succeeds on gold,  
White stars begin to mount the bitter air,  
Slow dusk is coming on,  
Its velvet petals close  
About the dying gardens and the roofs  
Of sleepy cottages, with ivied eaves.

These dahlias feel the dusk,  
Michaelmas daisies blue,  
And marigolds hang down their coronals,  
Rich with the last rays of the dying sun  
That has withdrawn its soul  
From the world's hollow cup—  
Leaving this upland village to the care  
Of candles and of fragrant autumn winds.

But children are about;  
They fill the air with screams,  
And madly drive their iron hoops abroad—  
The music of the hoops is wild as bells  
Sprinkled upon a storm,  
Or frantic as the tune  
Of harp and pipe and concertina played  
In company by frenzied spirits were.

The common vales and hills  
This elfin madness fills,  
And scatters ringing splinters on the field  
Among the breathing sheep in their dark fold;  
And yet the sound is sweet,  
As sweet as echoes are.

The sound is purer, keener, than we dream  
The voices of the stars in spring to be,  
Keener and merrier  
Than tune of scythes by night,  
Sharpened among the virgin moon-daisies  
Amid the shadows of a waving field;  
By its shrill alchemy  
A ghost might well be called  
Out of a stalk, and naked bid to weep  
For hours on the still, forgetful grass;  
Or the green fairies might  
Transcend their hidden cells  
To lean on mushrooms in a frozen trance,  
Bewitched by the cold magic of these hoops.

||

And now the light is done—  
Its apple-coloured hue  
Has faded from the kingdom of the sky,  
Also the flowers in the garden shed  
Their white and scarlet sheaves  
Before the rising wind;  
Now children will be vanishing like moths,  
Leaving a tide of echoes in their wake,  
And I shall dream all night  
Of tunes they played to me,  
Of hills and valleys where the glowworms wink  
Among the serried shapes of the gay leaves;  
And I shall think on elves  
In their enchanted towns.

FREDEGOND SHOVE.



## REVIEWS

### CRITICISM IN ENGLAND

OLD AND NEW MASTERS. By Robert Lynd. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

WE generally agree in conversation that the amount of good literary criticism in English is negligible. Mr. Arnold Bennett comprehended the usual case adequately in his "Books and Persons": putting the case from the point of view of the two or three hundred persons who perceive the defect. He overlooks in his statement our greatest critic—Dryden; he says that every sentence of Lamb proves his taste and his powerful intelligence, and that Churton Collins possessed no real feeling for literature: both of which are exaggerations; and he says also that Matthew Arnold with study and discipline might have been a great critic, which is probably a superstition. Still, Mr. Bennett in a couple of paragraphs covers everything that passes in conversation on the subject between intelligent people. We cannot, of course, assign any term to the inquiry why there is so little criticism; but we can take up the investigation at the point where Mr. Bennett leaves it, by asking, What is the matter with the criticism which we get? This is the inquest to which a book like Mr. Lynd's conducts us.

It is not enough, certainly, to protest that no one makes a profession of criticism; that every critic is furtively a novelist or a poet. Here is Mr. Lynd. Whether he is a novelist or a poet, or a novelist and a poet, or not, Mr. Lynd is known primarily as a critic; as a critic he has an audible and a merited reputation. He is serious, but not pedantic; he writes a great deal for papers, but I do not believe that he often expresses an opinion which after-thought retracts. He is educated, and he is, usually and on the whole, on the right side. The articles which he wrote were good articles. But they do not make a very good book.

Something is wrong which is not wholly the fault of Mr. Lynd. It ought to be possible, we feel with conviction, to write review articles which should be worth cobbling into a book. Even though periodicals may be a necessary evil; though their function may be something quite different from the quick production of superior thought; though they may merely provide a substantial fluid upon which the lighter oil of current conversation may float from week to week or quarter to quarter; nevertheless it is difficult to give up the idea that a really good article is worth preserving. We resent even the necessary alterations, though we see why they are compelled. In Mr. Lynd's case there is the initial disappointment of finding that he has failed to make some of the necessary alterations, followed by a suspicion that his method, his whole structure of thought, is wrong for a book, triumphant as it is for its original application. His way of introducing a subject, for instance, which seems to be almost a part of the structure, is evidence of this success and failure. The first page of his essay on Chesterton and Belloc is reducible to the statement that Chesterton and Belloc are inseparable; it is rounded off and impressed by a reference, excellent in itself, to the Great Twin Brethren who fought so well for Rome. We are quite aware of the uses of this sort of curtain-raiser in a periodical. The audience must be attracted, like the audience of a park speaker, and must be coaxed into the proper receptive attitude. The periodical writer faces the risk of the reader's breaking off and turning to the next article. But if we are bold enough to publish a book we must be bold enough to presume the initial attention of the reader; the puzzle is how to maintain his attention by good substance and good manners. The prefatory gestures only waste the reader's time.

These gestures are more irritating when Mr. Lynd's prelude is serious instead of flippant. Thus he presents Strindberg:

"The mirror that Strindberg held up to nature was a cracked one. It was cracked in a double sense—it was crazy."

Villon's poetry is "a map of disaster and a chronicle of lost souls." Tchekhov "does not deliver messages to us from the mountain-top like Tolstoy . . ."

These are not serious enough introductions to really serious writers. And when we go further we find that Mr. Lynd never does become *quite* serious. He obeys some inner check; perhaps he has been unconsciously bullied by the periodical public. He is never uninterested or uninteresting, he is never unintelligent; he never goes far wide of the mark, but his arrow does not flesh very deep. He never, that is, quite dares to treat a book austere by criteria of art and of art alone; whether he is conscious of the fact or not, the public would not stand that; he never dissects a personality to its ultimate constituents; the public does not want to know so much. He only allows so much of his considerable intelligence in his work as can be endured. He is quite innocent in these abstentions, an unconscious victim of the world.

We learn about Turgenev, by this method, first that he was charming. It is then recalled that a Frenchman described Turgenev in Paris as

a large figure with a curious chastity of mind who seemed bewildered by some of the barbarous jests of civilized men of genius.

Next, his generosity of spirit toward other writers. Then his "almost feminine refinement." And after mention of his indifference to Pan-Slavism we are told that

in his novels, Turgenev regarded it as his life-work to portray Russia truthfully, not to paint and powder and "prettify" it for show purposes.

He was an artist. He said, "You need truth, remorseless truth, as regards your own sensations." He was a realist, and he did not invent his characters; he took them from acquaintance. He lacked exuberance. His human beings "have a way of being curiously ineffectual human beings."

Luckily, if Turgenev could not put his trust in Russian men, he believed with all his heart in the courage and goodness of Russian women . . .

His realism was not, in the last analysis, a realism of disparagement, but a realism of affection.

But Mr. Lynd has not brought us to the last analysis. These observations do not compose even a superficial character of the novelist Turgenev. Some of them are more, some less important. The statement (*vide supra*) about his bewilderment at the barbarous jests of civilized men of genius is important: it ought to lead to a study of Turgenev's place, as a Russian, among the men of Paris. Was his art affected by them, did it affect them? how much real contact was there? His generosity is irrelevant. Then his "almost feminine refinement." Has it, or has it not, anything to do with the "curious chastity" remarked above, and does it apply to his work? And (in passing) is refinement particularly feminine, or is there a particularly feminine refinement, and why was Turgenev's refinement feminine instead of masculine? And is it feminine to "regard it as his life-work to portray Russia truthfully, not to paint and powder and 'prettify' it"? What is the exuberance which Turgenev is said to have lacked? Is it a quality conspicuous in Flaubert or Henry James, and is the defect a loss to Turgenev's art or a limitation upon his greatness? Is Bazarov more "ineffectual" than Julien Sorel, and if so what of it? How can a writer "understand the Hamlet in man almost too well"? Why is it "lucky" that Turgenev could believe in the courage and goodness of Russian women? "With the majority of novelists," Mr. Lynd says, "women are either sexual or sentimental accidents." The majority of good novelists? Are Manon Lescaut, Marianne, Emma

Bovary (or the Emma of Jane Austen), Jeanie Deans, the Countess in "The Europeans," Hepzibah Pyncheon—are these (at random) sexual or sentimental accidents? Why should Turgenev rank with Browning and Meredith as a creator of noble women, and exactly what literary rank is assigned to creators of noble women?

Analysis and comparison methodically, with sensitiveness, intelligence, curiosity, intensity of passion, and infinite knowledge: all these are necessary to the great critic. Comparison the periodical public does not want much of: it does not like to be made to feel that it ought to have read much more than it has read before it can follow the critic's thought; analysis it is afraid of. But if Mr. Lynd took more opportunity to practise comparison and analysis in his articles he would give us a more profitable estimate of Turgenev and Dostoevsky, and would perhaps not rank Mr. Masefield and Mr. Squire quite so high as poets; and he would not leave us uncertain how good a poet was Mr. Flecker. He is, we may be permitted to imagine, a tired man like other tired men who have to make a living by literature and also have consciences; tired men who want to make a book and cannot allow themselves that luxury; and the tired men do make books—they cannot wholly deny themselves—but the books are mutilated and unfinished.

There is, however, another quality required of a critical book which can more easily be spared from a critical review. There must be a subject and a personal point of view to hold the book together. The greater French critics, and even the less, manage this in one way or another; sometimes, as in Brunetière, it is a bias, a prejudice, almost to the point of propaganda. Yet it goes to make Brunetière an interesting figure, and gives his writings seriousness. Taine had a theory, perhaps an absurd theory, but it is part of Taine. La Harpe is not dull. Sainte-Beuve had his curiosity in certain problems; it is Sainte-Beuve's curiosities, more than the information or the results obtained, that embalm Port-Royal. Mr. Lynd ought to turn loose his passions, his curiosities, even his prejudices—if he will make them distinct and evident. He is too conscientious to do this in a journalistic way; and therefore Mr. Chesterton will beat him at that game. Mr. Chesterton is not a critic, but he is entertaining, and he has, in a lower form than the French critics, personality. Mr. Lynd could entertain a more fastidious public than Mr. Chesterton's, if he would be all the more a critic.

T. S. E.

LINKS BETWEEN IRELAND AND SHAKESPEARE. By Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton. (Maunsel, 5s. net.)—In "Henry IV," Part I, to Lady Hotspur's "Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh," Hotspur replies, "I had better hear, my lady, my brach howl in Irish." "Here," says the author, "we have an indubitable link with Ireland," and he discourses at length on Irish wolfdogs, and has little doubt that Hotspur's "brach" was a handsome wolfdog, of the greyhound type, but of a much larger and stronger build, and that its colour was probably either "white, black or brindled cinnamon." This is constructive criticism with a vengeance. What if the brach was not Irish at all? What if the word "Irish" was used on the spur of the moment merely to suggest something even more outlandish than Welsh? Sir Plunket Barton has applied himself industriously to a neglected and comparatively barren field, and the results show signs of forcing. He finds parallels and analogies—such as those between the Weird Sisters and the ancient Irish wizardesses, or the story of Lear and that of the Children of King Lir—which are of slight interest. More instructive is the emendation of "calmie cuture mie," in "Henry V," by reference to the Gaelic refrain "Calen O cuture me." But that was made by Malone; and it was Professor Sigerson who discovered the parallel between Touchstone's parody of Orlando's verses on Rosalind and the satirical poem written by Gerald Fitzmaurice, 4th Earl of Desmond. The author has not made any striking finds.

## KENELM HENRY DIGBY

MEMOIR OF KENELM HENRY DIGBY. By Bernard Holland. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. BERNARD HOLLAND opens up an interesting little bypath for the student of nineteenth-century religious life in England. Kenelm Henry Digby came of a house that had many Catholic traditions, though his own branch of the family had for some time represented Irish Protestantism with a slight Jacobite tinge. But the fact that the young man born in 1799 could claim among his indirect ancestors the Everard Digby who suffered for complicity with Guy Fawkes and the Kenelm Digby famous as Catholic writer and courtier under Charles I. might seem in itself a strong presage of his return to the old religion of his clan, should he ever find himself in the right psychological climate. The Romantic Revival in the midst of which he grew up constituted just such a climate; it was the period of which Chateaubriand, as Digby's biographer records, wrote from London, "Walter Scott refoula les Anglais jusqu'au moyen âge; tout ce qu'on écrit, fabrique, bâtit, fut gothique"; and when Digby at the age of nineteen for the first time saw Catholic worship at Ostend, he cried inconsequently in the same breath: "On entering this church we had our first view of Popish superstition. . . . The effect was imposing." From that moment the bourne of the young Cambridge undergraduate, who had already endeavoured to keep a knightly vigil in King's College Chapel when the vergers' backs were turned, was irrevocably fixed. But his difficulties came less from the Protestants, who seem to have been ready enough to let him go, than from the English Catholics, who showed some reluctance to take him. The Roman Catholic community in Great Britain was at the moment (1825) emerging from the age of recusancy, and desperately anxious not to forfeit the boon of Emancipation by exasperating Protestant sentiment. Digby was sent from one circumspect priest to another till a Jesuit Father consented to receive him. Had his conversion taken place twenty or thirty years later how different it would all have been! The Oxford Movement would have forced him to reckon with the claim of the Established Church to be itself the goal he was seeking, while the revived Roman hierarchy, directed by Wiseman and Manning, would have had no such hesitation in claiming him. Once safe in harbour, Digby produced the massive compilation called "Mores Catholici," by which he is chiefly known to those who have heard his name at all. It was an attempt (in many folio volumes) to do for England what the "Génie du Christianisme" did for France, namely, set forth the glories of Catholic civilization art and devotion during the long centuries of the Church's life. Recalling the forests of Romanticism by their tangled, knotted and festooned style, these volumes are nevertheless picturesque and poetical enough to make it rather a pity that they should nowadays collect library dust with even fewer disturbances than Chateaubriand's once-famous apologetics. Possibly, Mr. Holland's account of the "Mores," the "Compitum" and Digby's minor works will do something to remedy this state of things. But in any case the biography was worth doing as a sketch of the half-forgotten age of Pugin.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of Mr. Keble Howard's book, "An Author in Wonderland."

## TWO BOOKS OF VERSE

THE QUEEN IN CHINA; AND OTHER POEMS. By Edward Shanks.  
(Secker. 6s. net.)

LOYALTIES. By John Drinkwater. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. net)

THE commonest fault of bad poetry, when it is not simply prose, is to be too poetical. Like the imperially-minded statesman who, forgetting that the world is made up of people with back-gardens and so many shillings a week, intoxicates himself with dreams of milliards and continents, the bad poet learns to think poetically; he neglects the shillings and the back-gardens of personal experience to plan a conquest of the sublime and the beautiful, not realizing, that these dazzling imperial regions of poetry exist only because they were the back-gardens of greater minds—that Milton's windows opened on to sublimity, Shelley's towards beauty, Shakespeare's on the whole of life. The minor poet is interesting if he is content to describe what he sees from his own windows, even if nothing but cabbages and potatoes flourish in his garden. He is insufferable if he talks to us of the marble terraces, the roses and fountains and pagodas which are not there. From the desire of bad poets to conquer all poetry at a blow have sprung, in every age, the horrors of conventionalized diction and thought.

At a first glance Mr. Shanks seems to be a poet of genuine merit. After a little, when the dazzling effect of his skill has worn off and we can see a little more clearly, we begin to notice that something is wrong. The next difficulty is to discover where the weakness lies. Why is the "Hymn to Desire" not so good as an ode of Keats, or "The Fireless Town" as one of Chaucer's tales? The answer is that Mr. Shanks is one of the imperialists of verse; he has learned to think poetically instead of in terms of himself. The gulf that separates him from the common spouters of diction and poetic rant is wide. They are stupid, Mr. Shanks is exceedingly clever; their appreciation of literature is coarse and obvious, Mr. Shanks's is fine; they are devoid of everything but a deplorable fluency, while Mr. Shanks has in him enough of the poet to make us regret that he does not turn his talent to better uses. If he would look at things as they are and not through the stained glass of poetical tradition, if he would speak in his own way and not in the language of Keats or Shakespeare, sometimes even of Rupert Brooke, his work would be more interesting and moving. Tradition is the best of guides, but one may be too traditional. A great writer cannot fit himself into existing moulds; he must alter them, develop them to suit his own purposes. To be able to embody one's spirit in the exact forms which others have created to give expression to their own thoughts is a sign of the weakness and poverty of that spirit. Mr. Shanks's poetry, to quote his own words, is

Like that old traveller whom a later found  
Within a shining ice-block straitly bound,  
Staring immovably two hundred years  
Across the waste white ground.

Each of his poems is an ice-block in which are embedded all kinds of bright relics dropped by older travellers along the path of literature, an exquisitely selected museum in cold storage.

It is, however, in his longer pieces that Mr. Shanks betrays himself most completely. In "The Fireless Town" and "The Queen of China" he reverts to his true type, the man who has learned to think poetically. There is no reason why "The Fireless Town" should ever have been written, except the fact that most of the

best poets have composed at least one narrative. It is an exercise in heroic couplets, passionless and utterly lacking that intensity which is the only justification for using verse as a vehicle for fiction.

"The Queen of China" is all one would expect a poetic drama to be. Not one item of the correct machinery is lacking. Speeches full of Shakespearian wisdom alternate with such richly Shakespearian passages of comic prose as the following: "You are wise and witty and pretty and smutty and full of good advice." Then there are passages of purple picturesqueness; inevitably, that long-suffering stone, the chrysoprase, makes its appearance:

Sweet sirops and the sticky juice of fruits,  
Fine juice of herbs and the medicinal earths,  
Gum arabick compounded with pomegranate,  
And sifted dust of powdered chrysoprase,  
All I have used, and still the trance unshaken  
Laughs at my sweating pain.

How delightful it must be, writing poetry like this! The rich words buzz in one's ears; the pen begins to write of its own accord:

... Rare amphispænas boiled in ambergris,  
And honeyed comfits fetcht from far Casbeen. ...

One might go on for ever.

It seems hardly credible that any serious writer should, as Greene says of the dolphin, "dance lavoltas in the purple streams" of this traditional poetic verbiage. One would be tempted to believe, if the dates of publication did not render the thing impossible that Mr. Shanks drew his inspiration for "The Queen of China" from Mr. Max Beerbohm's delicious "Savona-rola Brown." Both are parodies.

"There's a wisdom biding in Cotswold stone," says Mr. Drinkwater. (One could wish, by the way, that he would talk less about the Cotswolds and all those villages one passes through on walking-tours.)

There's a wisdom biding in Cotswold stone,  
While we in our furious intellectual travel  
Fall in with strange foot-fellows on the road.

Mr. Drinkwater has indicated the two stools between which he falls. He tries at one and the same moment to be both a simple Cotswold farmer and a furious intellectual traveller. He is, in point of fact, a well-educated minor poet. His simplicity always and inevitably has the air of an affectation. He would have us believe that he lisps in numbers because the numbers come. (Unhappily, they do not always come; there are moments when he lisps in purest prose.) As for the furious intellectual travel, the only traces of it one can find are the ingenious little epigrammatic conceits with which he heightens his simplicity. Here is a charming little poem which illustrates his method at its best:

It is strange how we travel the wide world over,  
And see great churches and foreign streets,  
And armies afoot and kings of wonder,  
And deeds a-doing to fill the sheets  
That grave historians will pen  
To ferment the brains of simple men.  
And all the time the heart remembers  
The quiet habit of one far place,  
The drawings and books, the turn of a passage,  
The glance of a dear familiar face,  
And there is the true cosmopolis,  
While the thronging world a phantom is.

After the verbal simplicity of the first stanza the neat conceit of the last two lines, pointed by a real Donne word, "cosmopolis," comes like a sting in the tail of a woolly lamb. One wishes that the travel could be a little more furious.



## A SHORT STORY

Kew Gardens. By Virginia Woolf. (Richmond, Hogarth Press, 2s. net.)

IF it were not a matter to sigh over, it would be almost amusing to remember how short a time has passed since Samuel Butler advised the budding author to keep a note-book. What would be the author's reply to such counsel nowadays but an amused smile: "I keep nothing else!" True; but if we remember rightly, Samuel Butler goes a little further; he suggests that the note-book should be kept in the pocket, and that is what the budding author finds intolerably hard. Up till now he has been so busy growing and blowing that his masterpieces still are unwritten, but there are the public waiting, gaping. Hasn't he anything to offer before they wander elsewhere? Can't he startle their attention by sheer roughness and crudeness and general slapdashery? Out comes the note-book, and the deed is done. And since they find its contents absolutely thrilling and satisfying, is it to be wondered at that the risk of producing anything bigger, more solid, and more positive—is not taken? The note-books of young writers are their laurels; they prefer to rest on them. It is here that one begins to sigh, for it is here that the young author begins to swell and to demand that, since he has chosen to make his note-books his All, they shall be regarded as of the first importance, read with a deadly seriousness and acclaimed as a kind of new Art—the art of not taking pains, of never wondering why it was one fell in love with this or that, but contenting oneself with the public's dreary interest in promiscuity.

Perhaps that is why one feels that Mrs. Virginia Woolf's story belongs to another age. It is so far removed from the note-book literature of our day, so exquisite an example of love at second sight. She begins where the others leave off, entering Kew Gardens, as it were, alone and at her leisure when their little first screams of excitement have died away and they have rushed afieid to some new brilliant joy. It is strange how conscious one is, from the first paragraph, of this sense of leisure: her story is bathed in it as if it were a light, still and lovely, heightening the importance of everything, and filling all that is within her vision with that vivid, disturbing beauty that haunts the air the last moment before sunset or the first moment after dawn. Poise—yes, poise. Anything may happen; her world is on tiptoe.

This is her theme. In Kew Gardens there was a flower-bed full of red and blue and yellow flowers. Through the hot July afternoon men and women "straggled past the flower-bed with a curiously irregular movement not unlike that of the white and blue butterflies who crossed the tuft in zig-zag flights from bed to bed," paused for a moment, were "caught" in its dazzling net, and then moved on again and were lost. The mysterious intricate life of the flower-bed goes on untouched by these odd creatures. A little wind moves, stirring the petals so that their colours shake on to the brown earth, grey of a pebble, shell of a snail, a raindrop, a leaf, and for a moment the secret life is half-revealed; then a wind blows again, and the colours flash in the air and there are only leaves and flowers. . . .

It happens so often—or so seldom—in life, as we move among the trees, up and down the known and unknown paths, across the lawns and into the shade and out again, that something—for no reason that we can discover—gives us pause. Why is it that, thinking back upon that July afternoon, we see so distinctly that flower-bed? We must have passed myriads of flowers that day; why do these particular ones return? It is true, we stopped in front of them, and talked a little and then moved on.

But, though we weren't conscious of it at the time, something was happening—something . . .

But it would seem that the author, with her wise smile, is as indifferent as the flowers to these odd creatures and their ways. The tiny, rich, minute life of a snail—how she describes it! the angular high-stepping green insect—how passionate is her concern for him! Fascinated and credulous, we believe these things are all her concern until suddenly with a gesture she shows us the flower-bed, growing, expanding in the heat and light, filling a whole world.

## ORIGINS OF ENGLISH LAW

YEAR-BOOKS, 6 AND 7 EDWARD II. Edited for the Selden Society by W. C. Bolland. (Quaritch. Price, to non-members, 28s.)

WHEN the classic question is put to him what will Mr. W. C. Bolland answer? "During the Great War," he will have to confess, "I spent a large part of my time and energy editing some law reports six hundred years old." Can he justify himself? Without knowing how he spent the rest of his time, can we say that he has been justified in spending what must at any rate have been a very great part of it in editing the Year-Books of Edward II's reign? It is to be feared that one type of patriot will not very easily forgive him. "The last four years"—we can hear the words—"have been a time for making history, not for writing it." It might be added, too, that if Mr. Bolland must needs spend his time writing history, he might have chosen a more appropriate subject for his labours than the Year-Books of Edward II's reign—say the wars of Edward III's.

It may, however, be some consolation that Mr. Bolland could hardly have chosen a more English subject than these Year-Books, for the Year-Books are peculiarly English, not only in the sense that they are reports of the proceedings in English courts administering English law, but because no other country has anything to show like them. In modern times the practice of law reporting has spread round the world, but no country except England can claim to possess a series of law reports anything like six hundred years old, much less a series lasting continuously for six hundred years.

It was no accident that law reporting should have started in England; it was rather a phenomenon characteristic of English legal history. It was one symptom of that process which ended by giving England a system of law which is distinctively English in a sense in which the law of Scotland, say, or of Germany, is not quite so distinctively Scotch or German. English, however, though the Year-Books and the Common Law are, they would hardly have reached anything like the form in which we know them had England won the Battle of Hastings, and never become a conquered country ruled by an energetic race of foreign kings.

In most other parts of Europe the way was gradually prepared for a "reception" of the Roman law. This was due to causes which are not to be enumerated here. The traditional respect for the law of the Empire, which never died out, was one of these causes no doubt, but another was the absence of any strongly centralized judicial system such as England owes to Henry II. In countries where the administration of justice is split up among dozens or hundreds of local communal or feudal courts, each acting more or less independently of the others and administering a slightly different set of rules and customs, there is apt to come a time when the confusion of laws is seen to be of grave inconvenience. If, further, there is known and studied in such countries a body of law polished like the Roman and having behind it a like weight of traditional authority, then there is likely to be a more or less wholesale adoption of its principles.

It was some such lines as these that the history of law followed in many countries outside England. Inside England the causes that determined the course of legal history were peculiar.

Those who are most competent to speak seem to be of the opinion that there was nothing very exceptional about English law at the time of the Conquest. There was nothing which could not find its parallel upon the Continent. The Teutonic tribes which settled in England brought with them customs not unlike those of the tribes which remained at home. These customs were administered chiefly in local courts, courts of the shire, hundred and manor. Speculations as to what their history would have been had there been no Conquest are rather futile. It is just possible that a Common Law might have been evolved strong enough and civilized enough to withstand the attacks which were sure, sooner or later, to be made by the Roman law. It is at least equally possible that English law would have suffered the fate of its sisters. As to whether a "reception" would have been a good thing, opinions may differ. Our law might have been more elegant; on the other hand, certain Roman maxims might have played a part here which some of us might have regretted: "*Quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem*" is one of them. Whether we should have gained or lost perhaps we cannot tell. We can say with certainty, however, that but for such institutions as our Law of Real Property, our Law of Trusts, and our Jury system, not only would the world be the poorer by the loss of several interesting and even useful legal conceptions, but its whole history would have been altered; and we may add that without a proper understanding of these institutions and conceptions an intelligible history of England cannot be written.

If we cannot say what might have happened, we can describe the broad outlines of what in fact did happen. England was conquered by William I. This was not of itself sufficient to give us our common law. It need not by itself have led to any great change in our legal system, and indeed it seems probable that William, who set up a claim to the throne not as a conqueror, but as the legitimate successor of Edward the Confessor, had no intention of making any. But for the characters of the Conqueror and his descendants it might have led rather to the destruction of such unity in our laws as already existed than to the creation of a common law. The anarchy of Stephen's reign gives a hint of what might have happened; what actually happened is due chiefly to Henry II and the ministers, mostly Norman, who worked under him.

Henry II, moved perhaps by more than one motive—by the desire to maintain order in his kingdom, perhaps by the desire for fees which has so often been at the root of the desire to do justice, but moved probably most of all by the desire to establish his own position as against that of his barons—completely reorganized the administration of justice. It does not seem to have been his intention so much to modify the "substantive" law as to change the method of its administration. The greatest innovations of his time are the establishment of a court of professional Justices, of the system of procedure by "original writ," and of that system which developed into our trial by jury. Changes in procedure, however, are apt to look very like changes in the "substantive" law. It may be hard to say whether new rights are being created or only new methods of enforcing old ones. Is a man protected by a legal remedy because he has a legal right, or has he a legal right because he has a legal remedy? The King's Courts had a great power of creating new remedies, and this, together with their great comparative efficiency and the fact that they were not merely feudal courts open only to the King's tenants in chief, but open

to rich and poor alike, gradually led to the atrophy of the local communal and feudal courts, and to the establishment of a common law.

In considering the origins of our common law, too, it must be remembered that the officials who were charged with the invention of new methods of procedure were probably for the most part both Normans and ecclesiastics, as also were the judges. It was only to be expected, therefore, that their ideas should be influenced both by the French law and by the Canon law. It is now generally agreed, for instance, that that typically English institution the jury, though developed almost beyond recognition in England, had yet a French or Frankish origin. The "possessory" (as opposed to the "proprietary") actions which had such a profound influence on all our land law were derived from the Roman, probably through the Canon law.

The most important contribution of foreign science to English law, however, was one rather of method than of substance. This is very clearly shown in our greatest medieval treatise on law, that of Bracton, written about the middle of the thirteenth century, in which the whole arrangement and method of exposition and a few large general principles are Roman, while the actual rules of law themselves are drawn not from foreign texts, but from a careful examination of cases actually tried in English courts. The century following Henry II was one of rapid development, the work largely of the Justices of the King's Court, and in the great outburst of legislation under Edward I the broad lines were laid down which English law was to follow for centuries to come.

Even after Edward I's reign there were still many ecclesiastics among the judges, but the legal profession was by this time becoming a profession by itself, and a class of professional attorneys and counsel had grown up round the Courts at Westminster. It was to meet the needs of this new profession that the Year-Books were written. Bracton's book, written just before the "English Justinian" came to the throne, became out of date on many subjects by the end of the thirteenth century. In the eighties of the century it was reissued in smaller and more popular forms taking account of the Edwardian legislation; at about this time the Year-Books began.

From the middle of the thirteenth century to the end of the Middle Ages the influence of foreign upon English law was very much less than in the preceding period. Largely with the help of foreign ideas, English law had now become a system capable of development along its own lines. Much development was necessary, and since this was chiefly the work of the Courts, it was natural that there should grow up among lawyers a demand for books describing their practice. The demand was supplied by the Year-Books. In them we can trace the development, term by term, of principles by many of which we are still governed.

This is not the place for technical criticism of Mr. Bolland's work. It must be enough to say that the volume shows no departure from the traditions of the series of which it is a worthy member.

Even if we take no interest in law for its own sake, the Year-Books will still provide us with all-important matter for the history of the English people. From the cases reported merely for the sake of the legal principles which they illustrate, we can get perhaps as good a picture of the ordinary day-to-day life of the common people as could easily be got anywhere. It is not unlikely that the historian of a few hundred years hence who wishes to draw a picture of English civilization even during the years 1914-18 will find his material no less in the reports of the daily business of our law courts than in the strategic dispositions of Sir Douglas Haig or the orations of Mr. Lloyd George.

A. S.



## THE UNITY OF INDIA

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF INDIA. By Vincent A. Smith, C.I.E.  
(Oxford, Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

IT is not so long ago, as History counts time, since men were asking if Italy had ever been united or could ever become one nation. The question has been asked again and again of Germany; and to-day it has come again into practical politics to ask it. It has never been satisfactorily answered of Spain, and never more than superficially of Russia. In India it might seem more doubtful still. The Indian Empire ruled by Great Britain coincides with no historic dominion of the past; and he would be a bold prophet who would predict that it will remain, centuries hence, of the same dimensions as to-day. No one who has been in India can fancy that the country or the people are in any complete sense united. The Rajput and the Hindu, the Muhammadan of Delhi and the Gorkha of Darjiling, are, in some of the most important things of life, poles apart. Is it possible, then, to write a History of India as if it were one land with one developed progress? Only, we are inclined to answer, in the same way as it is possible to write a history of Europe. Yet under all India's diversity there is a distinct unity. "The history of a region so vast, bounded by a coast-line of about 3,400 miles, more or less, and a mountain barrier on the north some 1,600 miles in length, and inhabited by a population numbering nearly 300 millions, necessarily must be long and intricate." But it is reasonable to treat it as one history, nevertheless.

It has a geographical unity. That does not carry us far or make a coherent history easy. None the less India is very definitely cut off from the rest of Asia by its encircling sea and its mountain barrier. Historically this has made it in the farther past conquered, though with difficulty, from the north, and makes it in the present the certain subject of dominant sea-power. Then, historically, union scarcely came till 1877, when England's assumption of the imperial title—so much misunderstood at home—marked a real epoch in the world's history. The wranglings of the politicians have happily now died away, and no one who knows Indian history can doubt the importance of the insight and statesmanship which produced the Royal Titles Act. Victoria had acquired what Muhammad bin Tughlak, or Akbar, or Aurangzeb, had never secured. The political unity which is now in a very real sense obtained was, however, long preceded, as all Sanskrit literature shows, by the conception of an ideal unity. Cunningham, the author of that History of the Sikhs which is so remarkable for its vigour and independence, said, more than sixty years ago, that "Hindustan, from Caubul to the valley of Assam, and the island of Ceylon, is regarded as one country, and dominion in it is associated, in the minds of the people, with the predominance of one monarch or one race." Mr. Vincent Smith very happily observes that this feeling accounts for the genuine and even passionate devotion shown towards the Emperor George V. in 1911.

The ideal conception, as always, has its roots in literature, as the expression of intellectual and artistic culture. In spite of diversity, Indian literature, and even Indian art, are really one. Here the persistent Muhammadan antagonism almost melts into union with the Hindu; while the Hindu finds, in spite of its centrifugal effects, something like a unifying power—by separation from other peoples at least—in caste. These strangely complicated conditions make the history of India supremely fascinating. Even more than the history of a people, it seems to be the history of a world apart. But it is a world which is full of romance, of heroism, of religious enthusiasm, of intellectual stir. The history of India is unrivalled in its visions of passion and surprise.

How many Englishmen have endeavoured to tell this wonderful story, and have perished, as regards their books, through lions in the way or in a slough of dull despond! Perhaps no one will ever accomplish the task. But if anyone is to achieve it, it will surely be Mr. Vincent Smith. He seems to know about everything and to be interested in everything. Alexander is as real to him as Dalhousie, and he has as much sympathy for Asoka and Akbar as for Warren Hastings. Over almost the whole field he has worked independently. His researches into the earliest history have long ago made him famous. He shows now that he cares almost as much for the most modern history as for that which it has cost him so much labour to dig out. His "Oxford History of India" covers with extraordinary completeness (of course with a very skilful compression) the whole story from before authentic records began to the latest days of Acts of Parliament and political tergiversations. It is certainly a book which all our statesmen ought to master; and it is a book to study which would very greatly widen the area of our Public School education. Mr. Vincent Smith writes throughout with an amazing vivacity—not flippant, but inspiring. His criticism of authorities is fresh and vigorous; his personal reminiscences, never untimely, are illuminative. The most remarkable point about his book undoubtedly is the ease with which one who has studied with extraordinary minuteness the whole of the material for the earliest historic ages is able to turn to nineteenth or twentieth-century politics and write of them with an infectious zest.

Attention should be directed especially to the emphasis which is now laid on the importance of Southern India, which has been so constantly ignored by historians. When the Brahmans penetrated into the South they found a civilization as complete, as distinct, as their own. And traces of this civilization are persistent. "Even now, when Hinduism, with its strict caste rules and its recognized system of law, has gained the mastery, the old and quite different Dravidian ideas may be traced in a thousand directions." And Mr. Vincent Smith points the way to future work of enduring value when he writes:

Some day, perhaps, the history of Dravidian civilization may be written by a competent scholar skilled in all the lore and languages required for the study of the subject, but at present the literature concerned with it is too fragmentary, defective and controversial to permit of condensation. Early Indian history, as a whole, cannot be viewed in true perspective until the non-Aryan institutions of the South receive adequate treatment. Hitherto most historians of ancient India have written as if the South did not exist.

In modern times Mr. Vincent Smith's heroes—and no historian is worth reading who has no heroes—are Warren Hastings, Wellesley and Dalhousie. He is more severe on Cornwallis than any other writer we have read. He has learned, we observe, to write with much more sympathy of Lord Curzon than his smaller History displayed. Events, it would seem, have modified his judgment. And on the transmutations of Bengal and the removal of the capital he is well worth serious attention.

In such a book to hunt for mistakes has the interest of a game of skill. We confess that we have tried and failed. But twice, we believe, Mr. Vincent Smith does undoubtedly trip: when he says that Archdeacon Firminger has brought out an edition of the famous Fifth Report of 1812 in one volume, and when he accepts as accurate the common error that Wellesley modelled Government House, Calcutta, on the house built by Lord Curzon's ancestor in Derbyshire. Only one volume of Archdeacon Firminger's edition has already been published, but that contains no more than an introduction and the text of the Report (Calcutta, 1917); while no one who has seen both Government House and Kedleston could think that the one was designed from the other.

W. H. H.



## THE MACHINE OF MILITARISM

BELGIUM UNDER THE GERMAN OCCUPATION. By Brand Whitlock, U.S. Minister in Belgium. 2 vols. (Heinemann. 25s. net.)

THERE has always been a great deal to say for the way in which the United States manages its diplomacy and its diplomatic service. Mr. Brand Whitlock's book is another argument for the non-professional diplomatist. It is not merely that, like Lord Bryce and many another amateur, he has made a great name for himself in the profession. No, we are thinking of the pleasure to be derived from reading these two volumes, the work of a professional writer and an amateur diplomatist, and of the pain and weariness with which we have toiled through the reminiscences of amateur authors who by profession had been ambassadors or ministers. Clearly it is a great advantage to have a real, live novelist in the Legation at Brussels, mixing on terms of equality with Kings, Princes, Duchesses, Ambassadors, especially when he happens to be there in August, 1914. Mr. Whitlock's book opens with a picture of a little dinner at the German Legation in May, 1914, which we can imagine bringing tears of envy and despair to the eyes of the doyenne of English women novelists. It is the real thing, so like and so terribly unlike the unreal thing: Herr von Below-Saleski, for instance, "very erect and tall and distinguished, with his pointed black moustaches, raising his cigarette delicately to his lips with a wide and elegant gesture"; and at the end of the evening the German Secretary "recounting the history of an enormous oil-painting of the Kaiser that hung over the staircase," and the young Belgian squinting up at it and remarking gently: "Il serait permis de dire, n'est-ce pas, que comme art, la peinture n'est pas fameuse?"

And then suddenly came the bolt from the blue sky, and Mr. Whitlock was called from the routine of the little diplomatic dinners, the great parties at the Prince de Ligne's, the *dîners de gala*, and the *concours hippiques*—called, too, from his golf and his novel-writing—to take part in tremendous and terrible events. He has recorded what he saw and heard and thought and felt in two large volumes of nearly one thousand pages, which a wide and painful experience of diplomatic reminiscences caused us to open, we confess, with a sinking of the heart. But Mr. Whitlock, with his professional pen, soon had us carried away. His book is full of vivid little pictures of great men and great events which only the professional pen, and behind it the professional eye and imagination, could have drawn. Take, for instance, this of the old Governor-General, of miserable memory, Baron von Bissing:

He was scrupulously clean, one might almost say scrubbed; one might imagine him smelling of soap and leather like an old serjeant-major in a regiment of Guards. His brow was high and the lean face tapered to the wedge of a very firm jaw; the visage of an old Prussian dragoon of the school and mentality of Bismarck. But out of it there gleamed a pair of piercing dark eyes that seemed black until one saw that they were blue; they were keen, shrewd eyes, not wholly unkind. He wore, ceremoniously, a great heavy sabre that clanked against his thin legs as he walked stiffly into the *salon*, until, as by an habitual gesture, he grasped its hilt in his aged hands.

Or, again, this little sketch of the farewell luncheon at the Governor-General's after the U.S.A. had declared war:

The old Governor-General was feeble and haggard and looked much older; he walked stiffly and with difficulty, but he and the frail little Baroness smiled and received me cordially. . . . Once during the meal the Governor-General lifted his glass and solemnly drank to my health; and once he looked up and said, in his heavy voice:

"Vous partez, donc?"

"Oui, Excellence," I said.

And then in a kind of rage he almost roared:

"Et pourquoi?"

Or, finally, this:

I had one more visitor that evening quite late—Von S—, a German officer. He came in from the field, cold and wet and weary. He sat down in a chair before the little open fire that burned in my

room. He threw back his greyish-blue overcoat, took off his coat, revealing his grey hair, arranged his long sabre between his knees, and was for a moment silent. He was a distinguished man in appearance, and not all the mire and dirt of war could hide a sort of elegance that was implicit in his attire. . . . He sat there a moment and stretched out a white hand toward the grateful blaze: a gold bracelet that he wore glistened in the warm light. Then, suddenly, with an impulsive gesture, as though the fire had burned his fingers, he withdrew his hand, passed it wearily over his face, and then covered his eyes with his palm.

"Are you tired?" I asked.

He took away his hand and looked up; looked at me with an expression in his blue eyes that was terrible to see. He did not answer my question. Perhaps he had not heard it.

"This thing," he began, "this thing of standing old peasants up against the wall—well, it's no business for a gentleman."

And out of all these little pictures and sketches comes in the end a great and a terrifying vision. We are not sure that even Mr. Whitlock himself altogether realizes the nature of the total and final impression of his book. We are left with a vision of an immense, evil, stupid, almost ridiculous machine. And the men who work or are worked by it dwindle, become insignificant, ridiculous, non-human, to be pitied rather than hated. Naturally, when one takes these two volumes first into one's hand, one is inclined to turn to the pages dealing with the great war crimes of Germany, to the pages headed with the names Louvain and Dinant and Cavell. Mr. Whitlock talks straight, as it were, from the shoulder. His book confirms the worst and the hardest things said of the Germans. And yet, as one reads, one's anger evaporates into amazement, disgust, and despair. One cannot be angry with a machine. For it very soon becomes clear from Mr. Whitlock's pages that the comfortable explanation of original sin in the German nation and the individual does not work. It is a curious fact, of which he himself is not perhaps fully conscious, that Mr. Whitlock's first-hand experiences are nearly always in favour of the individual German. Baron von der Lancken, for instance, with whom he was principally in communication, comes extremely well out of these pages; and Mr. Whitlock himself hints a doubt whether the odium attached to the name of Bissing is altogether justified. When we come to pinning down the author of some "frightfulness," it is always someone or something behind the scene—*les militaires*, the military machine. If anyone wants to understand the real nature of the machine of militarism, and how easily human and humane men become its helpless and complaisant tools, he should read Mr. Brand Whitlock. It is one long proof of the old saying: "You can militarize civilians, but you can never civilize the military."

In a letter to the *Times* of June 4, Professor Haverfield gives some account of the find of late Roman silver recently made at Whittingcharne, East Lothian, by Mr. A. O. Curle and Dr. George Macdonald. The silver ("enough to fill to the brim three stable buckets") proved to be fragments of Roman work, much hacked and broken, but covered with designs that were alike classical in style, exquisite in technique, late Roman in date, and (in part) Christian in design. It was obviously ancient church plate, presumably loot from an overseas monastery. The designs included the birth of Venus, Pan, Adam and Eve in the costume of the period, the Adoration of the Magi, and other items, some Christian, some Pagan. One inscription includes the Christian symbol +, flanked by the alpha and omega. One or two coins found with the silver belong to the end of the fourth century; and one or two teutonic pieces—a silver brooch, and the like—suggest that Angles, Saxons, or other Germanic men looted the silver somewhere, and, coming to Britain, buried it, apparently in some haste. One of the inscriptions "PRVMIACOEISIAPI"—might suggest as the origin of the loot the monastery of Prum (Prüm) in Western Germany, which is known to have been in existence before A.D. 720. But in those days plunder may have changed hands many times. No such find, says Professor Haverfield, has ever been made in Britain, and hardly any even on the Continent.

## GLANCING LIGHT.

JAVA HEAD. By Joseph Hergesheimer. (Heinemann. 7s. net.)

THOSE who have spent any portion of their life in a seaport town will remember a peculiar quality of light, which is to be observed there and in no other surroundings. For when the sun is over the sea and the waves high a trembling brilliance flashes over the town, now illuminating this part, now that. In its erratic hovering behaviour it might be likened to that imp of light children love to call Jack-on-the-wall; one can never tell where it may next appear. It is, and something is caught in it, dazzling fine, and then it is gone to be back again for another glittering moment—but almost before one has time to look it is flown away. Brilliant light, but not deep light, not a steady shining—a light by which one can register the moment but not discover and explore it.

For the writing of his novel, "Java Head," Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer would seem to have pointed his compass to this unfixed star and the result is an exciting but not a satisfying book. The scene, the personages and the drama—they are all separate, one from another, and as one story unfolds itself we have the sense that while the author applies himself to one he forgets the other two. They are dropped from him and from us until he chooses to revive them, to bring them into the light again.

The scene is Salem, at the time when it was still rich with incoming and outgoing trade, with ships bound for the East Indies and China and returning laden with fabulous cargoes. But for all the author's inside information and professional way in handling a sailing ship, we are never quite sure that the sea is real sea or that these curious perfumed chests and jars are really full. While we read we are fascinated, but our fascination is conscious and almost assumed, as at a spectacle—something arranged and specially "set" for a performance.

The personages are old Jeremy Ammidon, head of the firm of Ammidon, Ammidon and Saltanstone, his son William, William's wife and their family of half-grown daughters. There is another son Gerrit, captain of the "Nautilus" and hero of the book, whose ship is long overdue, and the early chapters full of the growing anxiety of the household at Java Head for his return are, to our thinking, the most successful. Here, at least, it is hardly possible to avoid a sense of progression, and the members of the family, gathered together under the shadowy wing of disaster are more nearly seen in relation to one another. Obvious as it is, and again more than a little theatrical, it is enough to lead us on in the hope that when the moment of relief comes and the ship is sighted, the scene, the personages and the drama will—not lose their separateness—but become part of one springing arch of light, their colours banded together as in a rainbow. This does not happen. For though Gerrit is seen on the deck, on the wharf, greeting his family, he never comes home at all. It is a wooden sailor who leads his high-born Manchu wife through the doors of Java Head, and however greatly Mr. Hergesheimer may insist upon Gerrit's heroic qualities wooden he remains. We are told that he loved the Manchu lady. She was pining away, like some fabulous exquisite bird in a cage in Shanghai until he rescued her and brought her into a bigger cage, with heavier bolts and clumsier bars, and stupid unpainted faces to stare through and wonder at her. Her appearance, her clothes, her appointments, they are game indeed for the greedy light to play with, but, absorbed in them, it penetrates no further than to give us just a glimpse of her superhuman calm, of the tragedy it was for her that this calm should be broken by Edward Dunsack, a low wretch whose mind has been poisoned by opium and who realises in his fiendish dreaming way how she suffers.

By the bedside of Dunsack's niece, whom Gerrit has

always loved, she commits suicide, and on the light flickers and dances, over another love affair, over the town, on to the niece, on to Gerrit's ship waiting for him in the harbour, until finally it shows us Gerrit married to his old love and again putting out to sea.

It is not enough to be comforted with colours, to finger bright shawls, to watch the fireworks, to wonder what those strange men are shouting down at the wharves and to wander with the Ammidon family through the rooms of Java House. We are excited; our curiosity is roused as to what lies beneath these strange rich surfaces. Mr. Hergesheimer leaves us wondering and unsatisfied.

K. M.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THE Philipps Sale to be held on June 24-27 by Messrs. Sotheby contains much that calls for note beside the volume of forged Shakespeare quartos already described. It will rank among the most important sales of Americana for many years, containing over five hundred and fifty works relating to North and South America. It is rich in American-Indian dialects, nearly eighty of these being represented, while those interested in Mexican antiquities will rarely have another such opportunity of obtaining Aztec manuscripts, as the sale contains all the manuscripts collected by Lord Kingsborough for his "Antiquities of Mexico." Lord Kingsborough, it will be remembered, held the theory that Mexico had been colonised by the lost Ten Tribes, and spent a fortune on the publication of the history of the country. In addition to the Americana there are a number of important medieval manuscript; the Cartulary of Bath Abbey, a Household Book of Charles VI., of France, a fifteenth century Dante manuscript with the Canzoni and Credo, a Gift Roll of Edward I., and Wardrobe Rolls of Edward II. and Henry VIII., a collection of Fastolf letters supplementing the Paston letters, a 12th century Homilies of St. Gregory, the original manuscript of James I.'s "Dæmonologie," a 14th century Chronique des Ducs de Normandie, and a 12th century Vitae Sanctorum.

On the 30th the sale of a portion of the famous Britwell library will begin; it consists principally of works on voyages, travel, and foreign history, and will include some fine bindings. An illustrated copy of the catalogue may be had. On the same day the log of the "Victory" at Trafalgar will be sold.

The sale of 30 items from the Yates Thompson collection of illuminated MSS. on June 3 was unique. They were sold in less than an hour and a half for £52,360. A critical and descriptive article upon the MSS. appeared in the ATHENÆUM, May 2, p. 273. The Hours of Jeanne de Navarre (1336-1348) was bought by Mr. Quaritch for £11,800. The other prices were: The MS. of La Sainte Abbaye, 1300-1320, £4,200 (Quaritch); the Gallican Missal, c. 1060, £1,000 (Quaritch); The Psalter of Prémý, thirteenth century, £775 (Quaritch); The Verdun Breviary, c. 1290-1310, £3,100 (M. Claude Anet); The Talbot and the Beauchamp Hours, c. 1430, £1,050 and £675 (Quaritch); The Evangelistarium Graecum, twelfth century, £3,450 (Quaritch); the Missal of the Carmelites of Nantes, c. 1445-76, £1,400 (Quaritch); Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ, c. 1480, £900 (Deviantz); a Martyrology, eleventh century, £1,600 (Quaritch); the "Vie de Jesus-Christ," c. 1500-8, £800 (Edwards); another volume containing a Vita Christi, &c., Sieneze, c. 1500, £750 (Quaritch); the Bentivoglio Bible, fourteenth century, £675 (Quaritch); "Liber Trojanus," fourteenth century, £1,225; the Pontifical of Andrea Calderini, fourteenth century, £2,000 (Pickering and Chatto); a MS. of Petrarch's Sonnets and Triumphs, c. 1470-80, £720 (Deviantz); the ninth century MS. of the Latin Gospels, £1,775 (Quaritch); Beatus Super Apocalypsim, ninth century, £1,000 (Quaritch); a MS., with 38 miniatures, made for presentation to Iskander, the grandson of Tamerlane, in 1410, £5,000 (Quaritch); and a MS. of the History of the Crusades by William of Tyre, thirteenth century, £700 (Pickering and Chatto).

The two sixteenth century Portolani sold for £900 and £1,300. The Aristotle with the commentary of Averroes, printed in two volumes by Andreas de Asola in 1483, was sold for £2,900 (Quaritch). The Aldine Theocritus of 1495 on vellum was sold for £260 (Morrison).

MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S sale of autograph letters on Monday, June 2, included the following:—James II. of Scotland, sign manual to a State Paper, £42; autographed fan with about 60 signatures of nineteenth century celebrities, £50; P. B. Shelley, letter to Keats, July 27, 1820, £262; De Quincey, journal and note-book, 1803, £65; R. Burns, autograph poem to Miss Jane Ferrier, £102; Elegy on the late Sir James Hunter Blair, £155; John Woodcock Graves, various manuscripts of "D'ye ken John Peel," letters, etc., £150.



## Science

### SCIENCE AND LITERATURE

IT is probably due to the fact that man is not a rational animal that his discarded beliefs and interests have seldom been abandoned for really logical reasons, but because, after a time, they can be no longer adapted to a slowly changing intellectual environment. Like plants, they cannot live in too unfamiliar an air. Perhaps the chief interest to the historian of science is to trace how science, like some new ingredient of the atmosphere, gradually infiltrates into every one of man's intellectual habitations. It would be easy to pursue the analogy; to show the new ingredient being hailed by some as the veritable ozone and feared by others as the deadliest poison gas; and to describe the frantic efforts of these latter to keep it out by the cotton-wool plugs of "faith," and the lamentable cases of pneumonia caused by the former in their efforts to make the tenderest infants breathe nothing but ozone. But however welcome or however distasteful, the atmosphere has undergone a permanent change. There are certain things we no longer believe, although we have forgotten the arguments against them as well as the arguments for them. If we examine the most obvious of these changes in our mental outlook we shall find that they have something in common; they conspire together to make it almost impossible for us to grant man his old pre-eminence. We are bored by anthropocentric philosophies. Copernicus destroyed the pre-eminence of man's dwelling place, Darwin that of his body, and group psychology has destroyed the pre-eminence of his morality. Such changes have their first and most obvious repercussion in philosophy and religion, and it is the philosophers and theologians who have opposed these changes most rigorously. These contests make old reading now, although there is still a plentiful crop of *a priori* novelists. But the younger men, at any rate, have conceded that the long campaign is over and that science has now penetrated to the heart of the citadel. There is still much confusion. While Mr. Bertrand Russell, very earnestly and a little mournfully, is composing his Address to the Vanquished, a few belated defenders, like Mr. G. K. Chesterton, are still heroically thrusting and slashing in some corner of the courtyard.

But while it is generally realised that philosophy and religion must accommodate themselves to the light thrown on man and his destiny by science, it still seems to be supposed that literature may pursue its way undisturbed. The tremendous background against which the human drama is played is ignored by almost all contemporary "artists." The modern novelist, like the modern poet, is intensely interested in particulars; the "diameter of his world," to use Mr. Santayana's phrase, is not very much bigger than that of a sparrow's. These more or less skilful presentations of incidents and moods, without any attempt to see them in relation, without any desire to reach *comprehension*, are treated as if they exhausted the possibilities of literature. It may be that the modern poet finds the new cosmogony too big to be grappled with. If we still had a hell, purgatory and heaven, perhaps we should have another "Divina Commedia." It is difficult, however, to believe that the lack is in literature as a medium and not in the writers, for in Mr. Hardy we have a novelist and poet who owes his power precisely to the fact that he lives in a wide world. If it be true, however, that things have so altered since Dante's day that literature can no longer be "cosmic," then literature as a serious intellectual activity takes a secondary place, and we must get what satisfaction we can from the

comfortable doctrine that a perfect little thing is as good as a perfect big thing. But in that event such collections of popular scientific books as the Home University Library series will become (if they are not already) serious rivals of modern novels and poetry. They are more dramatic, they open up larger vistas, they are as well written, and they are cheaper. Modern "nature poetry" is really not as interesting as Fabre from any point of view, and it would be a very great epic indeed for which we would forsake a well-written treatise on astronomy. As for the psychological novels, they read like amateurish attempts to do what the psycho-analysts do better. It is the lack of comprehension, of adequate vision, which makes literature seem more and more trifling. The growing insistence on "subtle" beauties, on the "delicacy" of a poet's perception, and similar qualities, mark the consciousness of the absence of those broad, robust qualities which all the greatest literature possesses, and which literature must more than ever possess if it is to be regarded by serious men as anything more than a pastime.

There is, of course, the serious possibility that literature has lived its day, that the literary man may come to be regarded with something of the impatience with which one watches the activities of the theologian. To quote Mr. Santayana again, literature so far has been the literature of illusion; it may be that we have here an essential condition for the existence of literature at all. If, therefore, the race should acquire a superhuman courage and with it an invincible repugnance to all forms of illusion, however presented, it may be that literature will be unable to say anything vital in such an age. But it is more likely that literature will become transformed. It is because we feel that such a transformation is already necessary and because we see no signs that contemporary writers realise how inadequate their work is to the modern consciousness, living, as it does, amid the great spaces of astronomy and oppressed, as it is, by the mystery and evil of life, that their local, if passionate, interests seem narrow and purblind. A literature which no longer gives adequate expression to the soul of man ranks with the other amusements with which we stuff our leisure hours. But to express the soul of man literature must grow, or at least change, with it. It is mere self-deception to say that a work of literature has a value independent of its assumptions. The fact that we do not share the assumptions made by the Greeks, that we do not live in the cosmogony of Dante, does detract from the value of their work for us. The philosophy of a poem is truly a part of that poem, and those who are indifferent to what it may be have already given literature a secondary place. A literature worthy to rank with philosophy and science must include, in its own way, each of these. S.

DURING the week ending May 31, Messrs. Sotheby sold the following books:—Lord Lilford's "Birds of the British Islands," 7 vols., 1885-97, £51. R. L. Stevenson, "To the Thompson Class Club," 1883, £40. "Flemish or French block book," nautical ephemeris and perpetual calendar, with MS. portulano, c. 1500-20, £108. Gerson, "Collectorum super Magnificat," 1473, £40. R. Whytforde, "Rule of Saint Augustyne," printed by W. de Worde, 1527, £61. "Shakespeare, Works," third folio edition, with the 1663 and 1664 title-pages, £1,000.

THE MEDICI SOCIETY, LIMITED, has been notified of its appointment as art publisher to the King. The Society, which is already executing the memorials of those fallen in the war for Rugby and Harrow, has been entrusted with the corresponding records on behalf of Eton, Oundle, and the London Stock Exchange. By arrangement with Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Mr. Lee Warner, as publisher to the Society, will this autumn issue a Riccardi Press edition of the collected poems of Rupert Brooke.



## SEMI-SPECIALIZATION

BOTANY OF THE LIVING PLANT. By F. O. Bower. (Macmillan, 25s. net.)

IN remote Early Victorian times the study of natural science was prosecuted by a few zealots of knowledge, whose activities issued in technical papers and treatises, with occasional popular books, more often than not the outcome of a course of public lectures. Later on, a few determined men brought about a great change. Natural Science began to take a more prominent place in the curriculum of Universities and schools; and the revolutionary method of laboratory instruction was introduced. Besides the technical and the popular works a new type of scientific book now appears, in the shape of laboratory manuals and their accompanying text-books.

In the past forty years science has been gradually finding its level, both in the educational world and in the world at large. As a part of education, it has not quite completed its adjustments with other subjects; two artificially-opposed ideals still battle for its frontiers, at least where the conception of a single scheme of culture, in which all subjects find their places, has not entered the heads of the combatants. But its range and grip have gradually been extended; not only that, but more and more people are feeling that a general knowledge of science is as indispensable to real education as, let us say, a general knowledge of geography or of good literature; more and more men and women are anxious, during their time at a University, to obtain a survey of some branch of science, not as a stepping-stone to a profession, nor as the basis of specialized knowledge, but as an end in itself. Once again a new type of book appears to meet this new demand—one which is not tempted to bone its subject in order to present it, popularized, to the supposedly feeble teeth of the general public, nor compelled, like the text-book, to live under the black shadow of Examination's wings. It presupposes the existence of the men and women interested in the subject; and of the courses and classes founded to satisfy their interest, and so, without ceasing to be general, it can be semi-specialized.

Professor Dendy's recent "Evolutionary Biology" was a book of the sort; now, in another field, we have this "Botany of the Living Plant" by Professor Bower. It is a good title, and the arrangement of the book is no less good. The main problems of plant physiology and adaptation are treated with reference to the higher flowering plants. The other groups are then taken, giving a short conspectus of the diversity of plant life; and at the end there are two general chapters—one on Sex and Heredity, the other on Alternation of Generations and the Land-Habit, a subject in which the author has long been interested.

The treatment is good, is adequate, but it is not arresting. The reader feels that more could be expected from one of our leading botanists—more in the way of distinction, more penetration into the depths. It is possible to disagree profoundly with the principle laid down by the author in his preface, that "'elementary' and 'fundamental' should be held as equivalent terms when applied to those facts and principles upon which a science is built." To be fundamental is to get at the bottom of things; and it is difficult to do this while remaining elementary.

But perhaps this is not fair. The book does what it set out to do. It gives a young student a feeling for the subject and a sound introduction to it. It rounds out his ideas; it is not narrow. And it is a sufficient symbol of a public that does not wish scientific thought to remain unknown and mysterious.

## SOCIETIES

LINNEAN.—May 24.—Anniversary Meeting.—Sir David Prain, President, in the chair.

Mr. George Michael Ryan and Miss Dora Lawson, B.Sc., were admitted Fellows.

The number of Fellows was stated to be 698, leaving 12 vacancies. The Treasurer's Report and Statement of Accounts, as audited, was received and adopted.

The Annual Report showed that during the past year the deaths of 27 Fellows had occurred, or their deaths been ascertained, also that one Foreign Member and two Associates had died.

The Librarian's Report showed that the total additions to the library were 163 volumes and 1,509 pamphlets and separate parts.

The ballot for the Council resulted in the election of the following: Edmund G. Baker, Dr. William Bateson, Professor Margaret Benson, E. T. Browne, R. H. Burne, Stanley Edwards, Professor J. B. Farmer, E. S. Goodrich, Dr. B. Daydon Jackson, C. C. Lacaita, Gerald W. E. Loder, Horace W. Monckton, R. I. Pocock, Dr. A. B. Rendle, Dr. D. H. Scott, Miss A. Lorrain Smith, Arthur W. Sutton, Dr. Harold Wager, Lieut.-Col. J. H. Tull Walsh, and Dr. A. Smith Woodward.

The following officers were also elected:—President, Dr. Arthur Woodward; Treasurer, Horace W. Monckton; Secretaries, Dr. B. Daydon Jackson, E. S. Goodrich, and Dr. A. B. Rendle.

The Presidential Address was then delivered, on the advantage of certain modifications in the conduct of the Society under present conditions, and advocating the establishment of a fund for the payment of fees in certain cases, to be entitled "The Goodenough Fund," after the first Treasurer of the Society.

Sir David Prain, having been accorded a vote of thanks, proceeded to address Professor Isaac Bayley Balfour, reciting his services to the study of botany, and handing to him the Linnean Medal in gold. The recipient made a suitable acknowledgment.

ANTIQUARIES.—June 5.—Lieut.-Col. Croft Lyons, Vice-President, in the chair.

The following were elected Fellows of the Society:—Sir W. R. D. Adkins, M.P.; Col. W. L. Morgan; A. F. de Navarro; A. P. Newton, M.A., D.Lit.; B. P. Scattergood, M.A., C. Singer, M.D.; W. S. Weeks.

ARISTOTELIAN.—June 2.—Lord Haldane in the chair.

Dean Inge read a paper on "Platonism and Human Immortality." The Platonic doctrine of immortality rests on the independence of the spiritual world. The spiritual world is not a world of unrealized ideals, over against a real world of unspiritual fact. It is, on the contrary, the real world, of which we have a true, though very incomplete knowledge, over against a world of common experience which, as a complete whole, is not real, since it is compacted out of miscellaneous data, not all on the same level, by the help of the imagination. There is no world corresponding to the world of our common experience. Nature makes abstractions for us, deciding what range of vibrations we are to see and hear, what things we are to notice and remember. It is the substantiation and continuance of this makeshift construction that we are sometimes childish enough to desire. What is real in it is the thought of God transmuted into vital law. The operation of these forces we study mainly in transverse sections, since we have forgotten most of the past, and are ignorant of the future. But since the soul is a citizen of the eternal world, we can, if we will, "be eternal in the midst of time," though our higher life is for most of us fitful, indistinct, and confused. It follows that salvation, for the Platonist, must be deliverance from a world of shadows and half-truths, *per tenebras in lucem*.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- FRI. 13. Astronomical, 5.  
TUES. 17. Statistical, 5.15.—"The Course of Women's Wages," Mrs. Walter J. Barton.  
Zoological, 5.30.—Exhibition of lantern slides illustrating the cultivation of *Verneuilina polystropha* Reuss. in hypertonic sea-water and gem-sand, by Messrs. E. Heron-Allen and A. Earland. Papers: "Equatorial and other Species and Genera of African Ichneumonidæ," Mr. Claude Morley; "A Description of New Species of Zeuglodons and Leathery Turtle from the Eocene of Southern Nigeria," Dr. C. W. Andrews; "(1) A list of the Snakes of West Africa from Mauritania to the French Congo. (2) A List of the Snakes of North Africa," Mr. G. A. Boulenger.  
Dr. Williams's Library, 5.30.—"The Analysis of Mind: VII. Pleasure, Pain and Desire."  
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"Flint Implements from the 'Middle' Glacial Gravel at Ipswich," Mr. J. Reid Moir.  
WED. 18. Meteorological, 5.  
THURS. 19. Antiquaries.—"Merovingian and Carolingian reliquaries," Sir Martin Conway, Vice-President.  
Numismatic, 6.—Annual Meeting. "Contributions to Cretan Numismatics," Sir Arthur Evans.

## Fine Arts

### THE SCENERY OF "LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE"

IT must be as rare an experience for a painter to be applauded for his work as for an orator to be remembered when he is dead. The experience, for whatever it be worth, fell to M. André Derain's lot on the first night of the new Russian Ballet, "La Boutique Fantasque." From the moment when the outer curtain went up leaving exposed to view M. Derain's forecloth, it was evident that M. Derain was going to have a striking success. The public were so delighted that they had to interrupt Rossini's overture to relieve their feelings. And at the end of the ballet the public were not content until M. Derain himself had presented the genial expanse of his person to their excited admiration. It was just such a public of cultured people as had howled with rage at M. Derain's pictures when six years ago they saw them for the first and only time in England, and it certainly cannot be said that M. Derain's work has changed radically in the interval, most of which he has spent as an artilleryman at the front. Whether the change in the British public is one of heart or only the belated and reluctant adoption of a new snobbism is a question of infinite importance to the future of art in England, but one which I have no means of answering. But one thing is clear to me, namely, that M. Diaghileff has a genius for putting genuine works of art upon the British public in such a way that they forget to react to them according to time-honoured tradition. He manages somehow to create such a pleasant atmosphere that they have begun to look at and enjoy them before they have had time to pull themselves together and take on the proper air of outraged decency and commonsense which becomes them so well. And when once they have enjoyed it is too late, the harm has been done. In the case of the "Children's Tales," for instance, a large British public was coaxed into rapturous delight, while at the same moment cultured people were being infuriated at the "ridiculous" and "preposterous monstrosities" of M. Larionov's drawings. This was done, I think, by the atmosphere of exotic fantasy set up by the story and its perfect expression in the dance. And here again in the "Boutique Fantasque" the uproarious fun of the whole thing, its entire subversion of all standards of verisimilitude and probability, actually prevent people from even for a moment noticing the outrage on their dignity and commonsense which is implied in the exhibition of a work of art. When people saw M. Derain's pictures at the Grafton Galleries, they could not break through their obsession of what a picture ought to be like, but they had no such preconceived theories of how the entirely fantastic mixture of the "Boutique" should be compounded and exhibited. And so M. Derain's consummate ease of manner and the exquisite nicety of his judgment had their chance and worked their spell unhindered.

If only one might use the word Academic as a term of high and discriminate praise (and I for one have always tried to get that licence) I would use it of M. Derain's art. And by calling him academic I should, if I dared to use the word, mean to indicate an artist who has had a profound appreciation of all the artistic expressions of the past, one who gathers up all the radiations of past art and focusses them exactly on the present—and, assuredly, one who does this not by any pedantic allusion or learned accumulation, but simply because his sensibility is turned alike towards the art of the past and towards the life of the moment. Nothing could be further from such an artist,

as nothing is further from M. Derain, than the slightest hint of *pastiche* or the faintest flavour of archaism. It means an artist who speaks with the precise accent of high civilisation. M. Derain represents to us the purest French classicism; one must almost define his qualities by negatives. It is by suppression of emphasis that he gets the full force of his accents. He wilfully sets a rigid limit to the means at his disposal. His scene is painted with a few earth colours, shades of burnt Sienna for the warm colours, some gay greens, a dull grey blue, and notes of black and white. But by the summary simplifications of his modelling, and the ease and directness of his handling, these colours give an effect of singular luminosity and purity. But—most important of all for a scene where every gesture of the personages counts for so much—it supplies a perfect background against which every note of the costumes, from the astonishing black of M. Massine's coat and trousers to the pale roses and sky blues and whites of the *ballerines*, tells with its full force. It is a fine lesson in the virtues of economy and restraint. He almost seems to stand aside and allow everything to tell by its own inherent weight and quality as a great actor will do nothing whatever as the supreme gesture of a crisis.

But what is odd and, I confess, a surprise, is that this classic method of the "haute école" is just as potent for the setting up of a roaringly (and yet so daintily) farcical dramatic motive as it is for the great themes. I had thought M. Derain's gesture too noble to go with Rossini's music or the dance it would set going, and I certainly did not guess at the fantasist in him or anticipate any surprising or extraordinary invention. I was right as to the latter, for it is not by the quality of his invention that he scores, for he scarcely troubles to pick and choose among the more obvious suggestions which the theme presents—it is by the sheer perfection of his expression; his sense of measure and proportion is everything. His classic style has enabled him to be the most debonair master of revelry we have ever seen.

ROGER FRY.

## NOTES ON ART SALES

The keenest bidding at Christie's sale on May 30 was for "An Old Lady Asleep," by N. Maes, 31in. by 25½in., which was acquired by Messrs. Sulley for 1,930 guineas. A portrait of Mrs. Kene by N. Dance was sold for £682 10s. Three of Sir William Beechey's realized 990 guineas; a portrait of a gentleman by F. Goya, 460 guineas; Raeburn's "Earl of Hyndford," £210, and his "Thomas Miller," £262 10s. (Peacock); Reynolds's "George, Lord Edgumbe," £273; Allan Ramsay's "Elizabeth and Rebecca Dinwiddie," £546 (Gooden & Fox); Gilbert Stuart's "George Washington," £252 (Sabin); Hoppner's "Charles, Viscount Canterbury," £388 10s. (Tooth); and Opie's "Anna and Juliana Kett," and "Mrs. Kett," £367 10s. and £336, respectively. Sporting pictures fetched high prices: "The Death," by Sartorius, £430 10s. (Ackermann); J. Benson's "Old Berkeley Hunt," £357 (Sabin); and F. Sartorius's "Returning from the Hunt," £546 (Amor). Six small pictures by Guardi went for 580 guineas.

Messrs. Sotheby's sales during the week ending May 31 have included the following:—J. M. Whistler, lithographs: "The Little Nude," £40; "St. Giles' Church," £35; etchings: "Nocturne, Salute," £98; "San Giorgio," £84; "The Balcony," £120. Muirhead Bone: "Piccadilly Circus at Night in War-time," £76; "Oxfordshire," £37; Charles Sainton, silver-point drawings: "The Flight of the Fairies," £62; "The Enchanted Pool," £80.

A "HOLY FAMILY," by the master, of "The Death of the Virgin," was sold at Christie's on June 2, for £325 10s. (Sabin); a portrait, by Goya, 48in. by 37in., for £210; and an "Interior," by A. Van Ostade, on panel, 13½in. by 16½in., for the same price.

On June 5 Messrs. Christie sold the remaining works of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The total realized was £8,339 for 187 lots, of which Messrs. Gooden & Fox purchased 82. The highest price paid was £725, for a water-colour drawing, 97in. by 46½in., "The Fall of Lucifer." The design in oil for "The Garden of Pan," 60in. by 73in., fetched £651; "The Romance of the Rose," 61in. by 120in., £472 10s.; a design for the picture of Avalon, 72in. by 23in., £399; the monochrome, 72in. by 110in., "The Fountain of Youth," £273; a black-and-white drawing, 76in. by 74in., "David instructing Solomon about the Building of the Temple," £315.

## EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

THE MADDOX GALLERIES. The New English Art Club.  
 THE BROOK STREET GALLERY. Portraits by Olive Snell.  
 THE GREATOREX GALLERIES. Poems in Cloudland, by Arthur Colyngton.  
 THE MANSARD GALLERY, HEAL & SON. Marcel Jeffrys.  
 THE LITTLE ART ROOMS. Life in the west of Ireland, by Jack B. Yeats.

The New English Art Club, being still dispossessed of its own home by the Government, is restricting its output this year to watercolours and drawings in black and white. The work on the whole is of good quality and craftsmanship. But grammar is not enough, and here and there at the New English we do find artists who are not satisfied with the mere construction of a grammatical sentence. Mr. Roberts makes the most positive statement of vitality, though I feel at times that he is being seduced by the interest of his own formulæ. The subsequent pictures I have seen by him have none of them conveyed the sense of his "Gas Attack." Mr. Keith Baynes's "The Yacht" (107) and Mr. Elliot Seabrook's "Landscape drawing" (108) are both very deliberately chosen natural arrangements, while Mr. Milne has solved strange problems in solidity in number 140. The colour in this picture is also more deliberate and more chosen than is generally found. There is a fine rhythmic swing in Mr. R. Schwabe's decoration of land girls "Hoeing Roots" (176) and Mr. Meninsky's (186) "Infant Playing," while apparently a record of momentary impression is as planned as a decoration. Messrs. Paul and John Nash are rapidly producing a new school of English landscape; their disciples are increasing in number.

Miss Olive Snell's drawings at the Brook Street Gallery might be called "Artistic Adventures of the Idle Rich." They are drawn with a sufficient lack of finish to inspire respect and sufficient lack of criticism to stimulate self-satisfaction. Now and again when she gets a model interesting enough, as Countess Hoey Stoker (14, 30), or the Earl of Lathom (19, 28), the artist in her carries her out of the jog-trot which her trade has induced.

Poetry is founded upon form and rhythm, pictorial art is founded upon form and rhythm. Mr. Colyngton has sacrificed both "in getting his clouds to roll" (as the writer of his preface puts it). I should not call these "poems," but very hurried prose, a sort of Captain Jingle prose, all disjointed, disorganised in order to get the effect. I imagine that amorphism in art can go but little further than Mr. Colyngton has gone. If these pictures can stir the imagination (as is claimed) it will be because there is not any deliberate shape to hold the attention from wandering. They may induce visions as does the Crystal Ball.

Mr. Marcel Jeffrys's paintings give pleasure because they are debonair. Light, open air studies of Paris, of Versailles, of Brussels, the observations of a visualist who can manage to make humanity a part of a landscape rather than a landscape part of humanity. He has great powers of harmonies in opalescence and seems to have learned a little of what the Japanese have to teach; but he has more to learn.

Mr. Jack B. Yeats is primarily an illustrator and there seems to be a superstition (which Mr. Yeats indignantly repudiates) of his identity with W. Bird of *Punch*. With Mr. Yeats illustration means a certain deliberate attitude towards art and life. One can scarcely imagine Mr. Yeats tackling a "still life," and his attitude spills over into his landscapes. The more humanly interesting a scene becomes the more alive is Mr. Yeats' representation; the excitement of a man in a barrel bombarded with flung cudgels, the activity of the "Maggie Man," who has to collect the cudgels and often himself become a target for the hilarious, the heads of jockeys at the starting point, such are the things which excite Mr. Yeats to expression. If he fails in his large picture it is because he has divided his interest, he was not sure whether to concentrate upon the racing horses or upon the bookmakers. The consequence is the interest slips between the two. One might say that Mr. Yeats is the complement of M. Jeffrys.

J. G.

## Music

## "LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE"

KIND old Monsieur Weerlin, as he took me round the library of the Conservatoire at Paris, paused in front of a statuette representing a stout and smiling gentleman, half Falstaff, half Mantalini, lolling upon a sofa. "Voilà Rossini," he said, and added with a sigh and a smile, "J'ai dîné souvent avec lui." It was a more vivid evocation of bygone days than any of his "Echos du temps passé." He said no more, and I refrained from questioning him. If I had known him better then, perhaps he might have sat down to the pianoforte and recalled the music which followed those dinner-parties at Passy, when Rossini entertained his guests with a "petite polka chinoise," a "valse boiteuse" or a "caprice Offenbachique." One can read them through now at the British Museum, and somewhere perhaps one could read the menus of the dinners. There are many people who preserve menus, especially menus covered with signatures in more or less erratic pencil; but they are not very titillating to the palate of a reader who neither ate the dinners nor even was acquainted with the signatories. Sad to say, Rossini's posthumous pianoforte works are for the most part very dull stuff to anyone who cannot say "j'ai dîné souvent avec lui." They might have been composed by almost any of the forgotten contemporaries of Offenbach and Meyerbeer. What only Rossini could have invented was their titles. They were, in fact, part of the dinners, and at the best we can only imagine that we have been allowed to "come down to dessert."

Encouraged by the success of "The Good-humoured Ladies," M. Diaghileff has exhumed these oddments of Rossini to make a ballet. They have been orchestrated by Signor Ottorino Respighi, one of the cleverest of living Italian composers. Respighi was the ideal person to choose, for his training has been Russian as well as Italian; he was a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov and of Martucci. He is also a native of Bologna, the city beloved of Rossini, and he has his full measure of Bolognese scholarship, Bolognese *joie de vivre* and Bolognese humour. Moreover, Bologna is the headquarters of the Italian antique furniture trade, and if any Italian composer could turn out Rossini sofas and dinner-tables as good as the originals, it would be Signor Respighi. For plot M. Massine has gone to "Coppélia." It is the old device of the toy-shop in which the dolls come to life.

"La Boutique Fantasque" was received with the wildest enthusiasm, and is undoubtedly the greatest success which the Russian Ballet have achieved since they came to London. The success is M. Massine's, shared to some extent by Mme. Lopokova and the designer of the scenery, M. Derain. Rossini had very little part in it. It recalled "Figaro" at Drury Lane, where I believe there was some music by a man called Mozart, if one had been able to spare any attention for it. As regards "La Boutique Fantasque," I fear that if the whole of the music were lost and fresh music substituted, hardly any one in the audience would notice the difference.

The three outstanding productions of M. Diaghileff's season have been "The Good-humoured Ladies," "Children's Tales," and "La Boutique Fantasque." All three are in the main the creations of M. Massine. The Scarlatti ballet is still by far the best of the three. In the first place the music of Scarlatti is much more vital and original than that of Liadoff or Rossini, and consequently it has offered much finer opportunities to its arranger and orchestrator. It has afforded, too, much more delicate opportunities to M. Massine in the invention of movements and groupings, because there is such wonderful variety of



rhythm and expression within the limits even of any single piece of music. Secondly, the Scarlatti ballet has a real plot. It is a genuine "commedia coreografica," the credit of which is due to Signor Tommasini, and it is a plot which is made to express its intrigue in the terms of dancing and of music. The Rossini ballet is hardly a play; it is little more than a *divertissement*. A series of dances are strung together, and any music will do that will fit the steps. Betwixt and between comes "Children's Tales," which is partly *divertissement*, partly interpretative.

M. Massine's own characteristic style is very apparent in all three. He is a child of his age, reacting violently against the sentimentalism of an earlier generation. He concentrates on the angular and the grotesque. His movements are always dehumanized and conventional. He seems to be expressing in his own art what one finds in a good deal of contemporary music and poetry. There is a genuine passion behind it, but it is for the moment a passion mainly of revolt against the past. The young artists seem to be feeling that what they want to express is too violent and intense for the old technique of expression. But they are artists enough to see that it is no use straining the old technique beyond its powers. A new technique has to be formed, and they set themselves deliberately to the problem. They are working out as it were a new system of strict counterpoint: that is, a method of study which concentrates severely on technical problems and carefully eliminates for the moment all emotion and passion. They refrain from obviously passionate expression not because they are devoid of feeling, but because they are too full of it, and at the same time self-controlled enough to hold it back until the medium is ready for its utterance.

There are times when we weary of reading, watching or listening to all this "mere ingenuity." The grotesque becomes tiresome and monotonous. We must have patience; the new flower of passion will bloom when its time comes. Meanwhile, we are learning to be more critical of the old. And it is worth while, too, to listen to the music at "La Boutique Fantasque," even if it distracts our attention from all the delightful things that are happening on the stage. The music is in itself an "echo du temps passé," indeed, an echo of echoes. Suddenly, a phrase recalls some long dead composer of the romantic period—Weber, with a hint of the "Invitation," Mendelssohn, Schumann or Chopin. Rossini, one fears, has grown old and reminiscent; the one composer of whom he never seems to remind us is Rossini himself. And we begin to see a new reason for Rossini's retirement from public life in 1829. What need was there for him to go on writing, when his own music was being written for him by younger men? For it was Rossini himself, the Rossini of "Tancredi," who had been the original source of inspiration that intoxicated the Romantics. Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Bellini, Chopin—it was from Rossini, more than any one else, that they derived the novelty of their style. It was part of their romanticism that they died young, while Rossini lived on and on into a generation with whose music he had little sympathy. And there perhaps, lies the mistake of "La Boutique Fantasque," and perhaps some of its charm—that if one listens to the music one can hardly help these sentimental recollections. Crinolines, cancan, *tutus* and the rest—no; I am half inclined to suspect that all this cult of Second Empire grotesque is nothing but mere sentimentality after all! But that is all to the advantage of "La Boutique Fantasque"—you can interpret it which way you please.

EDWARD J. DENT.

In connection with the Royal College of Music Patrons' Fund, a series of orchestral rehearsals, beginning in the autumn, will take place in the Concert Hall of the College. There will be ten rehearsals a year, at which it is hoped to rehearse from forty to fifty works by British composers.

## AN AMERICAN CRITIC ON MODERN MUSIC

CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS. By Daniel Gregory Mason. (New York, Macmillan Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

**M**R. MASON is an able critic. His latest book, though discursive in form, is more than a collection of essays; it is, in gist, a reaffirmation of the principle to which, in his view, a composer must adhere if his concern be for that peculiar spiritual essence which music alone can distil.

Stated baldly, his contention is that in music the melodic outline, the rhythm and the form are essential, the harmonic and orchestral colouring incidental. Trite as this may seem, it needs both courage and discernment to say it at a moment when public taste has been dazzled by the riotous opulence of the ballet, and when there is among composers of every country so widespread a tendency to preoccupy themselves with a quest for mere novelty of harmonic and orchestral effect. At the same time, he overstates his case. The appeal of harmony is not so purely "sensuous and hedonistic" as he would have us believe. The present eager acceptance of discord probably responds rather to man's growing sense of the dissonance inherent in the world—what Lionel Johnson well calls "the increased conflict and complexity in the old play of human life with life." Only—and here we come into line with Mr. Mason again—the proper texture of music demands that the symbol of such discord should be contrapuntal; not the clash of note against note, but that of theme against theme.

As regards rhythm, Mr. Mason performs a real service by distinguishing sharply between rhythm and metre. Surprising as this may sound, a reference to such a standard work as Grove's "Dictionary" ("In short, Rhythm is the Metre of Music," s.v. "Rhythm") will show that misconception still survives in high places. Mr. Mason insists on the need for rhythm to free itself from the tyranny of metre, and it is true that in any extended movement the rhythmic vitality of the whole will depend as much upon skilful evasion of the metrical accent as upon its emphasis. But again he goes too far. In slighter movements a stricter conformity to metre is perfectly practicable. One cannot accept without reservation D'Indy's dogma that "the 'carrure' is an element of vulgarity, rarely useful outside certain special forms of dance music." Poetry teaches a different lesson: great poets have compressed their soul into a sonnet, and the "Shropshire Lad" shows how formal severity can be made to enhance a concentrated pungency of thought. The same thing can be and is being done in music. Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante défunte," "Pavane de la Belle au bois dormant," most of the "Valse nobles et sentimentales," are short enough and square enough, yet they are surcharged with a restrained and intimate emotion, rich in what they say, and more so in what they leave unsaid. Their titles notwithstanding, they are anything but dance music. Mr. Mason would have done more service by pointing out the intimate connection between rhythm and form. Many a composer does not work self-consciously enough; the bar line (a necessary convenience) blinds him to the fact that musical expression may turn rather to the free rhythm of prose than to the measured rhythm of verse; too often when his mood calls for the one, he stumbles blindly onward in a form adapted only for the other.

Be it said in conclusion that Ravel was chosen purposely to point the instance given above. It pleases Mr. Mason to dismiss that composer casually as "one who makes of music an agreeable accessory of dance or stage picture" (preface, p. vi). That is more than an error: it is a *betise* that cannot pass unrebuked.

## CONCERTS

MISS LUIA JUTA, who gave a vocal recital on June 2, has a powerful voice, the full effect of which would sound to better advantage in a large hall with an orchestral accompaniment. She is decidedly inclined to overstrain dramatic effects; none the less her singing of arias by Gluck, Handel and Mozart was successful in its way, and the remainder of the programme—items by Massenet, D'Erlanger, Saint-Saëns, Hubert Bath and others—had evidently been chosen to suit her particular style and temperament.

THE Otscharkoff Symphony Orchestra, which made its début on June 3, is composed partly of amateurs, partly of professionals, and owes its existence in its present form largely to the energy of its conductor, M. Otscharkoff, who acquired his experience as principal 'cellist of the Nice Casino Orchestra. Considering its youth, the orchestra plays surprisingly well, and its programmes show that the conductor has a catholic taste and is not afraid to indulge it; at the same time he is wise enough to attempt for the present no item that is not well within the capacity of his orchestra. We wish him success.

THE London Chamber Concert Society's third concert on June 3 was noteworthy as giving us another hearing of Ravel's *A minor* trio—a fascinating but difficult work—and Delius's 'cello Sonata, besides some shorter pieces. Delius is by no means at his happiest in this sonata; the medium does not suit him, for he is essentially a colourist, and his lack of craftsmanship is apparent directly he leaves the orchestra. Give him an orchestra, and his extraordinary feeling for colour, expressed in his peculiarly personal style, generally carries him through. But a sonata for solo instruments calls for a draughtsmanship and power of design that he simply does not possess. None the less, one likes to hear anything he has to say, and the concert altogether was quite one of the most interesting that have been given in London recently. The artists were those very gifted sisters Miss May and Miss Beatrice Harrison, Mr. Hamilton Harty, and M. Yves Tinayre.

SEÑOR SOBRINO gave the second of his recitals of classical pianoforte music on June 4. He was playing better than at his first recital, but his phrasing still lacks precision and he frequently fails to take up the pedal with sufficient promptitude. A programme consisting of Beethoven's sonatas op. 53, 57, and 109 is rather difficult to sit through in the most favourable circumstances; one has that uneasy feeling that it is being done for one's good.

MISS MURIEL GEORGE and Mr. Ernest Butcher's recital on June 6, was rather patchy. Miss George is a born entertainer, and in songs of her own particular *genre*—like "Not yet! I sez"—she is admirable. But in folk song (apart altogether from the general question of style), it does not do to be so frequently and so violently out of tune, nor is it wise to attempt to improve the tunes as you go along—e.g. by jumping up an octave on the cadence of "The Bonny Bluebell." If Miss George would do the character work and leave the purely musical part of the show to Mr. Butcher (who sings rather well), they could put up quite a good entertainment.

It would be a thousand pities if the torrent of musical propaganda now deluging London from various quarters, should in any way distract public attention from the extremely fine Chamber Concerts given every Saturday afternoon by the London String Quartet. Last week we had two new chamber works, Debussy's Quartet, and Vaughan Williams's "Wenlock Edge"; this week there was Ravel's Quartet, Frank Bridge's "Idylls," and César Franck's Quintet, with Myra Hess at the piano. Only a first class technique could support such a repertoire at all—the above are merely typical programmes—and only a remarkable flexibility of style could enable such a uniformly high level of interpretation to be reached. At a time when we are again so busy importing musical culture, it would be interesting to know just how many foreign quartets now in existence would be capable of carrying out such a series.

MADAME DONALDA and M. Mischa-Léon gave their last joint song recital on June 5. The programme was very much on the lines of its two predecessors, and the concert calls for no special comment.

## Drama

## "THE SEAGULL" AND THE CRITICS

"THE SEAGULL" was first performed in 1896, so that we have now had twenty-three years in which to make its acquaintance, to grow accustomed to its peculiarities, and to acknowledge it as a masterpiece. All of us, in fact, reached this last stage some years ago—except the dramatic critics, who are still struggling between the first stage and the second. Mr. William Archer (following Whistler's example) once wrote an instructive article consisting of extracts from the criticisms of the press at the time of the first English performance of "The Master Builder." Ten years after the first English performance of "The Seagull" (for it was performed at Glasgow in 1909, and in London a year or two later) the newspapers still give ample opportunities for the construction of a similar article. It seems suitable to open the collection with "W.A." himself, whom we find in the *Star* honestly and painstakingly thinking it worth while to tell his readers the plot, and vainly searching for character studies and development. Here are the whole of his comments upon the play:—

"The Seagull" is a symbolic fowl, typifying a certain Nina Zariethnaya, whose acquaintance we make in the first act as a quite young girl betrothed to an ambitious, but highly ineffectual would-be dramatist. Him she deserts to become the mistress of a famous novelist, and when that episode is over we hear of her as a struggling actress of mediocre talent. In the last act she returns for a moment to her first love, but instantly goes off again into the night, whereupon the young man shoots himself. One perceives in this play, as in a glass darkly, several interesting character studies, and a development which may doubtless be full of tragic significance for those who can recognise and "place" the characters. I confess that I cannot. I lack the key to the Russian temperament as portrayed in Chekhov, and can seldom understand why any given character should act thus and thus, and not otherwise . . .

"W.A." has at all events heard of Tchekov; to "E.A.B." in the *Daily News* the whole subject is evidently a virgin forest:—

. . . A sick world of jangled nerves, weak wills, and æmæic passions—that is what Tchekhov has drawn in "The Seagull" . . . He certainly creates an atmosphere. In a sense the apparent formlessness of the play is its chief power. Little by little the final catastrophe is approached. But when the play is over one feels that drama cannot be made of such negative natures as Tchekhov has drawn. One and all are will-sick. They cannot even wish to sin. They live in an intolerable spiritual and physical lassitude. But there is no denying that Tchekhov had a strange dramatic power. . .

In the remaining extracts the snobbish restraints of superior knowledge are definitely thrown to the winds, and the critics rely upon their own unguided intuitions. First, "G.M." in the *Daily Mail*:—

. . . A sympathetic performance . . . showed how a bad play may sometimes produce good acting. Perhaps unconsciously, Anton Tchekhoff here burlesques Modernism with its monotony and motiveless gloom. . . They could not have performed it without having first overcome all fear of appearing ridiculous. . .

Next, the *Daily Telegraph*:—

. . . Surely the production yesterday afternoon at the Haymarket of Tchekhov's four-act play, "The Seagull," was an untimely and superfluous proceeding. For two hours and a half the audience was doomed to witness a spectacle of unredeemed gloom and depressing pessimism. . . As a side issue there is an intrigue between a middle-aged actress and a writer, appreciably her junior, of conventional plays, an incident of which you will find innumerable parallels in the "dramas passionnels" of the French stage. . . At least if we must be reduced to tears, let it be by honest, wholesome sentiment. . .

And, finally, the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*:—

. . . "The Seagull" is a low-spirited play, and the sharpness of tragedy in it is blunted by Tchekov's satire and irrelevancies of other kinds. Tchekov, as we know from his stories, is a genial



soul, and one missed somehow the feeling of sincerity in the climax to-day. . . . One felt a Philistine desire for a breath of fresh air, and was grateful for the frank human giggles with which the naïve futilities of some of the neurotic patients were received. . . .

But even when we assume that the writers of such passages as these have succeeded in living through the last six years without ever reading a Tchekov play or hearing one discussed, we still have to explain how it is that their first experience of "The Seagull" last week was not enough to persuade them that they had discovered a new dramatist of the highest rank. It is charitable to look for the explanation outside their own minds; and the first that suggests itself is the one hinted at by "W.A."—namely that there is something fundamentally foreign in the whole play, which requires interpreting to the English intelligence. The social *milieu* is no doubt foreign, —this indeterminate collection of persons (a doctor, a school master, a steward and so on) moving constantly about without aim or excuse in the country house of the local land-owner. The superficial psychology of the characters is also perhaps unfamiliar. But that this cannot be the whole reason for the difficulty of understanding the play seems to be shown by the fact that in many other works where the *milieu* and superficial psychology are equally unfamiliar (in Dostoevsky, for instance), this difficulty does not arise. And in general one may presume that mere foreignness in this shallow sense, provided that it forms a coherent and self-consistent scheme, never offers a very serious stumbling-block. The root of the matter lies rather in Tchekov's use in "The Seagull" (and still more in his later plays) of an entirely new dramatic technique. This technique would have made "The Seagull" seem queer even if it had been written by an Englishman; and it actually did interfere with its success in Russia until it was rescued by the supreme intelligence of Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Dantchenko at the Moscow Art Theatre. Madame Donnet at our London Art Theatre cannot be said to have given quite so much help to her Haymarket audience. The superficial foreignness was made more inexplicable by being inconsistently carried out; for though Mr. Clarkson had provided some of the characters with local colour, Trigorin was frankly a demobilised British staff-captain. And considering that Madame Donnet failed in external problems, that she committed a number of careless stupidities over trifles (such as allowing her actors to follow the text in saying "raise the curtain," although her curtain on the stage was drawn from the side), and considering that she tied her own hands from the very beginning by choosing far the worst of the three English translations of the play, it was hardly to be expected that she would put up much fight against the real difficulties. In particular, the scene between Nina and Constantine in the last act, which must always require from the actress something of a *tour de force*, was forced into a hopelessly wrong tone; and on the whole nothing had been done towards that infinitely careful balancing of values and building up of details which every Tchekov play demands and deserves. But that is a matter for months of rehearsal, and Madame Donnet's enterprise shows no sign of seeing the need for this or for any other of the conditions which must be fulfilled before it can justify the name it has borrowed.

J. S.

SIR ASTON WEBB, president of the Royal Academy, has submitted to the Lord Mayor's Committee a design and model of a memorial to the soldiers of London. The memorial, which is to be erected (subject to the approval of the Corporation) in front of the Royal Exchange, consists of two Venetian masts in copper, each supporting a symbolical figure. Artists and designers should note that the latest date for sending in their designs and works for the War Memorial Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum is Saturday, June 14.

## Correspondence

THE EVERYMAN THEATRE.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—As your contributor J. S. misrepresents this theatre in several respects, I trust you will allow me space to deal with one or two points in his article in your issue of May 23.

Your contributor writes on p. 374 that the Russian Ballet "was characteristically not so much as alluded to" at our meeting at Hampstead. Why "characteristically"? I think J. S. owes us an explanation, if not an apology, for this remark; for I have it clearly in mind that in the interview I gave him I quoted the great success of the Russian Ballet in support of my contention that colour, movement, imaginative quality, are things which a large audience now demands from the theatre. Further, if J. S. had shown sufficient interest in our scheme to attend other of our meetings he would have heard me repeatedly quoting the Ballet, and if he had read the printed matter with which he was supplied he would have found still further allusion to it. Misrepresentation as a foundation to hostile criticism is not, I think, a method which you, Sir, will condone.

I would suggest that the dogmatic assertion that certain of the Ballets "are the best theatrical performances to be seen anywhere in the world to-day" is not merely open to question, but is a statement certainly more stupid in its exaggeration than the phrases of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones which cause such distress to J. S. Still further—J. S. has lost sight of the fact that the technical perfections of the Ballet have been made possible by such endowment in Petrograd as he sneers at for London.

As regards actors. Your contributor was never "brushed aside as a tactless inquirer" by anyone competent to speak for this theatre. On the contrary, I myself explained our policy, and even gave him the names of several actors who, I expected, would be in our company.

As regards plays. Until we know the size of our company as well as the amount of money at our disposal it is obviously impossible for us to give a definite list of plays for early production. My statement that the play selection would be "as catholic as possible and from all literatures and periods," and would only be limited by the above considerations, should, I thought, satisfy any reasonable mind. Apparently not so. I asked for suggestions, and the answer received was, "Ibsen"; the only concrete suggestion when I asked for a list was "Little Eyolf." If J. S. and his supporters could be satisfied with a repertoire of Little Tich, George Robey, Little Eyolf, and the Russian Ballet, I admit myself to have far less easily satisfied expectations from the theatre. And moreover I am sure that the larger public which the name "Everyman Theatre" was intended to indicate is healthier, and more in accord with the progressive spirit of to-day, than is the limited public which would subscribe to the barren and sterile attitude of carping criticism towards a new venture struggling to birth in the face of grave difficulties, adopted by J. S.—Yours, etc.,

NORMAN MACDERMOTT.

71, Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

June 4, 1919.

J. S. writes:—I will deal as shortly as possible with Mr. Macdermott's specific charges, which seemed to be based upon an inattentive examination of my article; it certainly had not occurred to me that there was any need to misrepresent him, and I do not believe that I have done so. His chief mistake has been to make the centripetal assumption that the whole article was about himself; a less optimistic reader would have noticed that only the last third dealt with the Everyman Theatre, while the first two-thirds discussed in a more general way the various notions which are in the air on the subject of "the reconstruction of the theatre." My main point was to show that the most popular policy—namely, endowment—was insufficient for the purpose, though I carefully added that "there is a great deal of truth in it"; I suggested that there was even more necessity for raising the standard of plays and of acting, for, whereas these without endowment might conceivably succeed, endowment by itself could lead to nothing.



The relevance of the Diaghileff Ballet to this question seems obvious, but its existence is constantly forgotten by people—such as Mr. William Poel, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Morrison of the *Morning Post*—whose mission it is to proclaim that under the existing commercial system nothing good can flourish; and the Ballet was characteristically [not of Mr. Macdermott but of this class of people] not so much as alluded to at the Hampstead meeting by Mr. Shaw, Mr. Archer, or Mr. St. John Ervine, who (as Mr. Macdermott may remember) addressed us as well as himself. This was, quite obviously I should have thought, the meaning of my sentence; but I may add that at the time I wrote I had no reason for discriminating between Mr. Macdermott and the others. I am under a strong impression that in the conversation he mentions the subject of the ballet was first raised by me and not by him, and the only allusion to it that I can find in the literature which he gave me is in a quite different connection—namely, as evidence in support of his belief (which I have already quoted) that “joy is our great need in the theatre.” I may next remark that I did not, as Mr. Macdermott alleges, “lose sight of the fact,” but actually pointed out in my article, that “it may be conceded that ultimately the ballets are based upon some form of endowment”—a concession which, however, did not in my opinion diminish the importance of the present season at the Alhambra as a phenomenon to be considered by the *intransigent* opponents of the commercial system. In the next place I am accused of asserting that some of the ballets “are the best theatrical performances to be seen anywhere in the world to-day.” This is decidedly brisk controversy. You quote your adversary’s statement with its qualifying clause left out and proceed to trounce him for being dogmatic. As a matter of fact I deliberately wrote “are almost certainly the best” in order to cover my ignorance of recent developments on the continent and especially in Russia. The information which has since reached me that the old *régime* at the Moscow Art Theatre came to an end last week encourages me to—almost—forgive and accept Mr. Macdermott’s emendation. And I am consumed with excitement to learn where in the world I may witness better theatrical performances than “Petrushka,” “The Good-humoured Ladies” and “La Boutique Fantasque.”

There remain the actors and the plays. In the case of the former Mr. Macdermott as before quotes a sentence from the earlier part of the article and attempts to apply specially to himself what is shown by the context to be a purely general criticism of a common tendency among theatrical reformers. I never dreamed of suggesting that I had been brushed aside by Mr. Macdermott on the question of actors (or on any other); and indeed this is proved by the fact that in the relevant part of my article I mentioned his admiration for the Irish Players as well as giving a sentence or two to this side of his general policy. Finally, on the question of plays I am not sure that I follow Mr. Macdermott’s complaint. We are agreed in favour of theoretical catholicity; it is evidently in practice that we differ. Can it be that Mr. Macdermott is vexed merely because he has detected my preference of Little Tich and Eyolf to Lord Dunsany?

But beyond these points of detail Mr. Macdermott raises in his letter a more general question of the highest importance. Is æsthetic criticism to consist of good-natured encouragements and optimistic pattings on the back? Is its easy approval to be gained by anyone provided that his intentions are good, that he is doing his best, and that his path is beset with difficulties? And if it fails in these conditions is it at once to be condemned as barren and sterile, as cynical and indifferent, as lacking in faith and goodwill? Or is it, on the contrary, to disregard both consequences and motives? Is it to form its judgment solely upon the object as it stands, without considering personal explanations or historical excuses? And is it to set itself an absolute standard and to refuse assent to any plea *ad misericordiam* which seeks to lower it? I at all events can make only one answer to these questions, and I believe that to make any other would be an act of the deepest treachery not only to criticism, but to the arts themselves.

## MUSIC THE CINDERELLA OF THE ARTS.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—So far as I understand Mr. Dent’s article on this subject, in your issue of May 30, he seems to consider the duty of a critic to consist in placating the younger generation. He gives no standard according to which the works of Beethoven and those of modern composers are to be judged, except the fact that the moderns are later in time. He informs us that the moderns are bored with the C minor Symphony. Therefore Mr. Dent persuades himself, however reluctantly, that the C minor Symphony is—what? I cannot make out what he is driving at. He says that “to anyone who has a really intelligent and imaginative appetite for music” the old composers are as alive as the new ones. Then does it not follow that those who are bored with Beethoven lack this appetite? He dislikes my remark on the spirit of this age. Well, I happen to think that this age is one of the most ignoble, mean-spirited ages in history. I judge from the quality of the public thought and expression at this time as exhibited by politicians and the Press. The only music worth hearing is the music which is utterly at variance with the spirit of this age, and which would naturally bore those who are the genuine children of this age. This is the age of cheap reputations for little men, and perhaps I am the less impressed by the younger generation, as I am myself a member of it. I hope for nothing from the older men; they are either of the type of the present House of Commons majority or they are merely subservient to us and flatter our ignorance. They stand for nothing: we must find our heroes in the past, and to those of us who are musical, Beethoven is the greatest of these. If Mr. Dent is really anxious to be up-to-date, let him take account of us. I am not a survival from an older generation, as Mr. Dent’s critical faculty leads him to suppose, but a man just over thirty, and in my ideas about Beethoven I do not stand alone among men of military age. I will quote from a recently-published book, “Letters from a French Soldier to his Mother (1914-15).” These quotations are also a sufficient reply to Madame Dutordoit’s letter:

At this moment I have in mind a pretty air by Handel, so touching. Also, an *allegro* from one of our organ concerts for four hands—joyous, brilliant music, thrilling with life. Dear Handel! He often consoles me. Beethoven’s music, waking in me on rare occasions, touches a chord so profound that it is as if a hand were parting the veils of creation. Poor, dear great Masters! Did they commit a crime in being German? And Schumann, how is it possible to associate him with a barbarian?

And from a later letter:

Beethoven has been in my mind. It was precisely at my age that he suffered most, and I think how admirably he employed his energies in the face of obstacles as great, apparently, as mine. For me, Beethoven is the noblest manifestation of human genius.

That, Sir, is what we hunger for—nobility! We do not find it in the spirit of this age. And we cannot be deceived; we cannot be persuaded that the yelp of a guinea-pig is the roar of a lion.

Yours, etc.,  
JAMES WALKER.

Witheral, Somerset.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for printing the correspondence respecting music, and am glad of Mr. Dent’s remarks thereon in your issue of the 30th ult. May I be allowed to say that to me, as to most other amateurs, the letters of both Mr. James Walker (May 23) and Mme. Coralie Dutordoit (May 30) err on the side of narrow-mindedness, particularly the latter, which also contains statements that cannot be accepted. Mr. Dent has admirably struck the medium of the two views. One ought to know, and like, the classics. Without this, one’s knowledge of music is surely sadly unbalanced. It is necessary to be acquainted with them, if only as a “jumping-off point” for later work, which, while it may be equally good, is so essentially different in mood and manner as to be uncomparable.

Mme. Coralie Dutordoit says, of Beethoven’s symphonies, that piano arrangements, also scores, are to be had. Will she inform others of your readers besides myself where they can purchase them? Also the “Emperor” Concerto? Also piano arrangements by Liszt and Busoni, and certain

of the Bach organ fugues? Some of this music I ordered eight months ago, but, whatever the concert-givers and public are doing, it seems that publishers are neglecting the classics.

It is difficult to believe Mme. Dutordoit's statement that: "anyone who has never heard any 'good' music under the age of thirteen does not exist." She has evidently fallen into a common London error of thinking that the metropolis is Great Britain. I am fortunate, from the musical standpoint, in spending more than six months of my year in London; but I can assure your correspondent that the opportunities in the provinces of hearing the classics, to say nothing of new music, are limited in the best-served towns to about twelve concerts each winter. From personal observation I know that the number of young people, just entering their teens, who attend these regularly enough for the music to make some impression on them, is negligible. Yet a little later in life they are keenly desirous of hearing works, and most of them who are serious want to begin with the olden type of music, written up to about 1860. There is room in London and the provinces for an adequate—not a large—orchestra, giving short concerts of not more than one-and-a-half or two hours' duration, from classical works alone. These should not be degraded to the level of school-books, as at present. Our present orchestras can and do take care of modern music sufficiently well for amateurs, who after all form the bulk of the audiences.

Mme. Dutordoit's last paragraph annoys me, but is beneath comment.—Yours faithfully, J. A.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your reviewer, D. L. M., is quite correct in saying (ATHENÆUM, May 30, p. 395) it is hard to believe that Adah Menken did not write "Infelicia." There is no doubt as to the authorship. The subject of all the poems is the intense, even agonizing regret she felt that early in life, when sent on the stage, she had fallen from virtue. The verses show vividly, even terribly, the moral shock, loss of self-confidence and character that is produced in a girl's mind by seduction. Mr. George R. Sims has also stated that Chatto gave him the original printer's copy, and that this consisted of cuttings from American newspapers in which the poems had appeared long before Adah Menken met Swinburne ("My Life").

The book was thought highly of by the best judges, and has been praised on purely literary grounds by writers like W. M. Rossetti in his "American Poets," Sir Leslie Stephen in the "Dictionary of National Biography," and by Justin McCarthy in "Portraits of the Sixties." Copies of the original reviews are in my possession, and all but one praise the poems, whose meaning the writers fully understood and the pathos of which moved them profoundly. The reviews are usually a column or more in length, and are equal in quality and tone generally to anything that would be met with in the press to-day.

What, then, is the reason for the legend that Swinburne wrote the poems and that they are not good poems—mutually destructive as these statements are—as also that Adah Menken was a mere minx who made herself notorious by impropriety in dress?

Following upon the evidence given above the reason for the Swinburne attribution would seem to be that people wanted to make an off-hand, jocose statement without troubling to read the verses, or even to know what they were about. The alleged impropriety in dress was due to the fact that Adah Menken, finding she could not live by writing poetry or teaching Latin, became an actress and represented parts in Milman's "Fazio," "Les Pirates de la Savanne," and "Mazeppa" at Astley's Theatre. Those who saw the last piece have testified that the dress used in the ride was not improper. The *Times* critic remarked that the dress was "not even indecorous" (*Times*, Oct. 7, 1864, p. 7, col. 6). The *Weekly Dispatch* of Oct. 9, 1864, said, "The costume was by no means open to a charge of indelicacy." Justin McCarthy, who saw the piece, also states that the dress was not improper, adding:

From the melancholy tone of many of the poems I have always thought that there was something tragic in the fate which doomed her to be remembered almost altogether as the heroine of a controversy about the proprieties or improprieties of theatric or amphitheatric costume.—"Portraits of the Sixties."

The outcry, as was pointed out at the time, was due to the manager (E. T. Smith) having issued a poster which had been prepared when the early scenes were played by an actor. The ride was then executed round the galleries of the theatre for greater safety by a dummy tied to the horse's back. As thousands saw the picture of the dummy for every one who saw the play, Mazeppa became the talk of the town: the poster being thought to represent Adah Menken (*Lloyd's Weekly* Oct. 16, 1864, p. 8 col. 2). Adah Menken withdrew from Astley's as soon as it was possible for her to do so without being regarded as a failure. She appeared only between Oct. 3 and Dec. 17, 1864. The photograph with Dumas is probably a "fake."

Those of the poems which are written in ordinary ballad metre conform to the ordinary rules and show a correct ear. The others indicate a desire to imitate the rhythms of Hebrew poetry, for the use of which many critics have pleaded. These show a knowledge of Parallelism and other technicalities of Hebrew poetry, and as regards technique must be considered in relation to the forms which are admired in the Song of Miriam and other portions of the Jewish Scriptures.—Yours faithfully,

J. H. MOORE.

CEZANNE.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The information supplied by M. Raverat is, if accurate, interesting; but it has nothing to do with my story. I said that Cézanne was an *insoumis* who believed that he had better things to do than to get himself killed for his country. M. Raverat asked for my "authority": I gave it him. M. Raverat now adds that Cézanne was a *communard* who was ready to die for his ideas. There is nothing I should like better to believe, and I only hope it may be true.

I must warn M. Raverat, however, that the statements of M. Théodore Duret are not always trustworthy. For instance, he has put it on record that the line "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever" was written by Whistler; and there may, at this moment, be a controversy raging somewhere in France in which another M. Raverat is asserting on the authority of M. Duret that "Endymion" is the work of an American painter.

There is, in fact, no point at issue between M. Raverat and myself; unless it be a personal one which I count as none. If M. Raverat was annoyed by the tone of my letter, he has put it on himself to blame for it. He demanded my "authority" in a way that I considered provocative because it seemed to suggest that I made statements without evidence. I answered him in his own style.

The story told by M. Duret is worth investigating. There is, however, positive evidence against it. M. Elie Faure says that in '70 the gendarmes were looking for Cézanne and that his mother hid him. When M. Vollard asked Cézanne what he did during the war, Cézanne replied:

Ecoutez un peu, monsieur Vollard! Pendant la guerre, j'ai beaucoup travaillé sur le motif à L'Estaque. Je n'ai d'ailleurs aucun événement extraordinaire à vous raconter sur les années 70-71. Je partageais mon temps entre le paysage et l'atelier. Mais s'il ne m'arriva pas d'aventures pendant ces époques troublées, il n'en fut pas de même pour mon ami Zola, qui eut toutes sortes d'avatars... —A. Vollard, "Paul Cézanne," p. 38.

It is, of course, possible that Cézanne concealed the truth from M. Vollard, or that M. Vollard has concealed it from us. It is possible that after the capitulation Cézanne hurried to Paris, was drawn or forced into the communist movement, was taken prisoner, etc., etc. The facts should be easily obtainable, and if M. Raverat, or someone else, will obtain them, I am sure we shall all be very grateful to him.

Yours faithfully,

CLIVE BELL.

THE seat in the Académie Goncourt which the death, last year, of Paul Marguerite, left vacant, has been allotted to M. Emile Bergerat. Born in 1845, M. Bergerat grew up among the great men of an earlier generation. Hugo and Banville were his friends; Gautier became his father-in-law; Edmond de Goncourt wrote a preface for one of his books. M. Bergerat has distinguished himself as a poet, novelist and a playwright; some twenty volumes of verse and prose stand to his credit.



## Foreign Literature

### THE TRIUMPH OF BOCCACCIO

LE ORIGINI E LO SVOLGIMENTO DELLA LETTERATURA ITALIANA.  
Da Michele Scherillo.—Vol. I. LE ORIGINI. (Milano, Hoepli,  
10.50 lire.)

**I**TALY, say the publishers of this book, is advancing towards a future worthy of her history, and her literature cannot remain a mere work of erudition. It is alive, and must not therefore be treated like an ancient or a foreign literature. So Professor Scherillo sets himself to give us a Hoepli manual that will answer to these conditions. His sub-title shows how fully he realizes that only the big men are really alive to-day, and Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio dominate his book as completely as three big Tors dominate the corner of Dartmoor where I am writing. Something must, of course, be said of the origins, as of the more important of the lesser men, but in dealing with these the handbook differs little from others of its kind.

However, we soon find ourselves facing the three men who really matter. Dante's absolute supremacy is undisputed, but the Professor wisely makes no attempt to say anything new about him. He merely sums up. Petrarch receives fuller treatment, and due attention is drawn to the many aspects of the romantic movement that can be traced in the great humanist. But we have left the romantic movement far behind, and in Petrarch the artist is already greater than the man.

When we observe that over 230 pages are devoted to Boccaccio, we become aware that we have found what we came forth to seek. This transparently honest, clear-sighted, cynical "street arab of genius" is, for Professor Scherillo, far more closely in touch with the world to-day than either of his great predecessors. Without attempting to conceal his faults, he writes of him with an affectionate sympathy that is as surprising as it is refreshing. Boccaccio is, in fact, the first European story-writer who is still thoroughly readable. The "Decameron" is the very antipodes of the "Divina Commedia." Though its author was eight years old when Dante died, a century at least might lie between them. Its destructive irony, from which nothing is sacred, "is not the result of thought, or of a system, but the product of the experience of a mind at once penetrating, unspoiled by culture, and careless of consequences." Boccaccio was a Florentine, yet he owes Florence nothing but his father (who did not understand him) and the purity of his Italian style. Born in Paris, the natural son of a Frenchwoman, he hated the narrow life of Florence, that city of merchants, of which his father was an ornament. The "Decameron" is comprehensively Italian, hitting off the characteristics of the various provinces and cities in a few inimitable sentences. But it is none the less Neapolitan in origin. To Naples Boccaccio was brought by his father as a lad, and on the shores of its wonderful bay he grew to manhood. Nor through all his life of wandering was he ever really at home elsewhere.

There, between Miseno and Posillipo, at Mergellina, the "Decameron" took shape. Boccaccio was not at Florence during the plague. His account is based on hearsay, and he chose the setting when he began to put his stories together nearly fifteen years after those golden months were over—months to which he never ceased to return in imagination. We owe the "Decameron" to one of those happy, idle days at Mergellina when Fiammetta, still true to him, presided over just such another gathering as that in the Florentine villa. Brief though his hour of triumphant love seems to have been, this natural daughter of a King of Naples and a court lady was for the rest of his life to hold a place in his heart no whit inferior to that of Beatrice and Laura in the hearts of Dante and Petrarch. And here,

again, Boccaccio is nearer to us than either of them. Fiammetta, with the eyes of a peregrine falcon and the golden curls flowing over her shoulders, who had been his own, if only for a short season, is no ideal abstraction such as inspired the lives of Dante and Petrarch, while they had children by other women. She is a living, breathing woman, the true mother of those delightful girls who blush and giggle so irresistibly over the stories of the "Decameron"—which, by the way, are in no degree broader than those recommended by that model courtier, Baldassare Castiglione, for the entertainment of ladies in the "Corteggiano" at a later date—as of the varied host of women in the tales themselves, even to the ever-patient Griselda. Who does not remember the terror of the oldest of them at the thought of having to return to a home where not one of all her large household is alive, except her maid?

With his zest for life, Boccaccio naturally enjoyed all the enthusiasms of his age; and Professor Scherillo, who does not grudge space to biography, includes long passages from his letters. His passion for the new learning was such that he put up with the humours of that "magna bellua" of a Calabrian Greek scholar, Leone Pilato, in his own house in order to be able to translate Homer into Latin—humours which proved insufferable to his revered master, Petrarch. Yet his respect for Petrarch did not prevent his writing him a long letter, rating him soundly for entering the service of the Visconti, the tyrants of Milan. But his veneration for Dante was greater still. Not only did he lecture publicly upon him in his old age at Florence, but he even sent a copy of the "Divina Commedia," made with his own hand, to Petrarch in the hope of inducing him to read the poem—to Petrarch's obvious annoyance and embarrassment. Of his own "Decameron," since it was in the vernacular, he thought little, and in no way resented Petrarch's rather condescending patronage of it. Indeed, when even the creator of Fra Cipollo became devout and collected relics in his last years, he would gladly have disavowed it altogether. Yet everything else he wrote was little more than a preparation for the work into which he has put so much of himself and of his Italy. L. C.-M.

### OUR NEW ITALIAN DICTIONARY

A SHORT ITALIAN DICTIONARY. By Alfred Hoare.—Vol. II.  
ENGLISH-ITALIAN. (Cambridge, University Press.  
7s. 6d. net.)

**T**HE appearance of the second volume of this new edition of Mr. Hoare's dictionary so soon after the end of the war is a good omen. Booksellers tell us that there is already a marked increase in the demand for Italian books, and a handy dictionary is an indispensable link between two peoples. Mr. Hoare's first edition possessed many virtues, but handiness was not one of them, whereas both volumes of this reprint are eminently "tascabili." If the first was to a great extent a compression of the original, this new volume is equally obviously an expansion of the English-Italian vocabulary, which was little more than an appendix in its original form. It is admirably printed and arranged, and the paper is not too thin.

Mr. Hoare's volumes are no mere réchauffé of earlier dictionaries. His work is to a large extent his own, and he finds room for a number of phrases under the more important words. He expressly tells us that he is thinking first of the needs of English readers, though he does not altogether neglect possible Italian students. Both will thank him for the care with which he has included geographical names, more especially the adjectives. But we doubt whether in a work of this kind it was worth while wasting space on a definition of a Demy of Magdalen—



an honour, by the way, which is not conferred upon a Postmaster of Merton. And we imagine that a greater knowledge of the mysteries of cricket or baseball or golf than his Italian readers are likely to possess will be essential before his explanations of their technicalities will convey much to them. Though lawn tennis is now played in most parts of the peninsula, we look in vain in this volume for the peculiar scoring terms of the game. The fact that they are always used in scoring in Italian makes the omission worth noting.

Mr. Hoare does not, of course, claim to give us a technical dictionary of scientific terms, indispensable though something of the kind will soon be, if the trade relations between the two countries are to become as intimate as many of us hope. Even the generic term for crops such as oranges, lemons, etc.—*agrumi*—is not given under either of them. And when we turn up the word in the first volume we do not find this meaning included, though these *agrumi* are the standard crop and chief source of wealth of the south, and the word is continually used in any book on the subject. But most of the usual current scientific and technical words in both countries, so far as we can see, appear to have been included. Limits of space probably prevent our author from helping us in such points as the prepositions that follow different verbs, which are not always the same in both languages.

Mr. Hoare's renderings of phrases often partake more of the nature of definitions than of idiomatic translations. This is only to be expected, since he is here engaged upon the more difficult task of turning the known into the less known. Occasionally one finds oneself wondering whether this portion of the work would not have come better from an Italian assisted by an Englishman. However well an Englishman may know the language, it is unlikely that satisfactory idiomatic renderings will occur to him as easily and as frequently as to a native of Italy. We do not for one moment wish to call in question Mr. Hoare's accuracy or to underestimate the value of the work he has done. Our gratitude is not perfunctory. We have used his predecessors' dictionaries, and we realize how much higher he has aimed. But though "informato di cose segrete," for instance, may give an Italian an adequate idea of the meaning of "in the know," it hardly strikes one as an idiomatic rendering. Naturally one notices omissions here and there. We expected to find "volere bene a" among translations of "to like," for example; and might not "movimento d'impazienza" be a better rendering of "fidgeting" than "agitazione"? We came across only one misprint—"patrona" for "padrona di casa," on p. 114. Such small blemishes, however, do not impair the general usefulness of a book which is sure to be in great demand.

**BLAANENDE DANMARK.** By Kai Hoffmann. (Copenhagen, V. Ho.)—The essays and prose-poems here gathered into book-form appeared originally in Danish periodicals between 1900 and 1918. Their author, who is well known in his own country as a writer of distinction, and who possesses a pleasing and rhythmic style, merits also the attention of English readers, since in many ways his character and interests are those of the typical educated Dane. Thus not only does he reflect the love of the average Copenhageners for his city and for the beech-woods by which it is skirted, but the spirit in which he often approaches the more universal forms of nature—sensuous, unmythical, and fanciful rather than imaginative—may well be considered representative of the national temperament.

Two pieces have a special interest for English readers at the present time. One, written in 1911 and called "A Dream of Blood," records how in the midst of the peaceful charm of a Danish summer the writer was visited by the thought of a possible war and its dread accompaniments. In the other ("Sønderjylland") he recalls a cycle tour in July, 1914, from

Lübeck northwards through Slesvig, and the earnest desire with which he hoped, as he visited districts full of Danish associations, "that the impossible might come to pass." . . . "I have lived to see the fulfilment of the dream that is above all dreams."

**LE POILU TEL QU'IL SE PARLE : DICTIONNAIRE DES TERMES POPULAIRES EMPLOYÉS AUX ARMÉES EN 1914-18.** Par Gaston Esnault. (Paris: Bossard. 7fr.50.)—Man is essentially a poet. His imagination is perpetually at work, decking out dull life in the most fantastic garments, turning earth to gold, or, mockingly, gold to earth. M. Esnault's dictionary of poilu language is a proof that the poetical instinct flourishes everywhere, even in the mud of Flanders. The soldier lifts his flat experience into an absurd metaphorical world, where a cannon is "un arrosoir," shell-splinters are bees or swallows or grasshoppers, the Legion of Honour, "le tomate." Irony plays a great part in the process of translation: the poilu calls the gendarmes of civil life "les vainqueurs de la Marne," the drivers of staff cars are known as "chiens de luxe," and the Staff itself is christened "l'Etat-Mâchoire"—a polite reference to the high feeding at headquarters. Metaphors may be homely and obvious, as in the phrase "lâcher ses crottes," which means to drop one's bombs from an aeroplane. They are often farfetched and fantastic to a degree: a vague similarity of form makes the soldier call a pair of pince-nez "une bicyclette," while the man who "cleans up" a newly captured trench (technically a "nettoyeur") is known as "le Jubol," after the name of a patent medicine, much advertised for its efficacy in "épongeant l'intestin." When his creative energy fails him, the poilu escapes the dullness of using ordinary words to describe ordinary things by employing provincialisms and foreign equivalents. Arab words abound in his language, and a number of English phrases are also to be found. "Afnaf" was once "half and half"; "olrède" was "all right"; and the verb "pouleuper," meaning to gallop, comes, by tortuous ways, from "pull up."

**GROOT-NEDERLAND: MAANDSCHRIFT VOOR DEN NEDERLANDSCHEN STAM.** Edited by Cyriel Buysse, Frans Coenen and Louis Couperus. May. (Amsterdam.)—This periodical—edited by three of the best-known Dutch writers of the day—is devoted in the present number to fiction and philosophy. A pleasant poem by J. W. Schotman, reviews of domestic and foreign literature, and a note of congratulation on his sixtieth birthday to Willem Kloos, one of the writers of the eighties—the period in which Dutch literature shook itself free from the old conventions—complete the number.

A short story—"Het Gebaar," by A. Moresco—relates, competently enough, how an officer who has embezzled regimental funds to pay gambling debts restores the honour of his family by shooting himself. We are left wondering exactly how suicide repolishes a scutcheon blemished by embezzlement.

The philosophy is provided by two articles: "Prometheus," by Carry van Bruggen, one of a series, and a causerie on Bergson. The Prometheus article is written in a heavy German style on the thesis that the struggle between individuality and the collective interest of society in the eighteenth century was a manifestation of the process by which the Unity differentiates itself on its way to an ultimate synthesis. This old-fashioned idealism contrasts strangely with the brisk modernity of the gossip about Bergson and intuition.

At a recent festival in Paris in honour of Saint-Saëns, Mme. Napierkowska, the dancer, gave a choreographical interpretation of the composer's famous "Swan." "The Swan" is an extract from a little-known and still unpublished work, "The Animal's Carnival," a "grande fantaisie zoologique" for two pianos, two violins, viola, cello, double-bass, flute, clarinette, harmonium and xylophone. This zoological fantasia opens with a "royal lion's march," and among the thirteen other animals, after which the different sections of the work are named, we find the tortoise, cock and hens, personages with long ears, and, finally, pianists, a species of beast which the composer found peculiarly repulsive. Saint-Saëns wrote "The Animal's Carnival" in 1884 to console himself for the very hostile reception he had just received in Berlin. It is still occasionally played, but remains unpublished.

# List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class; the second one of the sub-divisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

## 200 RELIGION.

**Cohen (Israel).** THE POGROMS IN POLAND: Report by Israel Cohen. Zionist Organization, 175, Piccadilly, W. 1, 1919. 7½ in. 36 pp. paper, 2d. 296

Intelligence having reached London in November last concerning pogroms in Poland and Galicia, the leaders of the Zionist Organization, with the consent of the British Government sent the author as Special Commissioner to investigate the situation. He records that anti-Jewish outrages had occurred over the whole of the Galician territory from Cracow to Lemberg and in various portions of Congress Poland. The most fatal and destructive pogrom was at Lemberg. The author insists that the Peace Conference should devote earnest attention to this pressing question, and that it should allow recognized representatives of Polish Jewry to submit their own case.

**Hancock (Bernard Matthew Ondaatji).** FELLOWSHIP IS LIFE. Skeffington [1919]. 7½ in. 158 pp., 5/n. 204

This work by the Vicar of St. James's Church, Southampton Docks, has a prefatory note by Canon Arthur W. Robinson of Canterbury. The author deals with such subjects as the attendance of the laity at the services of the Church, the duty of the voter as a good citizen, marriage and divorce, the position of the Anglican clergyman, and preaching.

The **Menorah Journal**, vol. 5, no. 2, April. New York, Intercollegiate Menorah Association, 600 Madison Avenue, 1919. 10 in. 63 pp. paper, 35 c. 296

Mr. Zangwill, who is the author of the first paper in the present number, discusses "The Territorial Solution of the Jewish Problem." He contends that the Diaspora cannot be transmuted into a State, and describes a Jewish State for all the world's Jews as a "mirage"; but he dissents from the idea that Judaism is "only a religion", and, while recognizing the immense difficulties in the way of Territorialism, declares that the formula of the Ito (the Jewish Territorial Organization of which he is president) is the only possible programme, "even for Zionism itself." This formula is: "To acquire a territory upon an autonomous basis for those Jews who cannot or will not remain in the lands in which they live at present." The other articles include a discussion of the problems of the Book of Job, by Professor Gilbert Murray, and a paper by Professor Julian Morgenstern, treating of "World-Empire and World-Brotherhood."

\***Phelps (William Lyon).** READING THE BIBLE. New York, Macmillan, 1919. Sin. 131 pp., \$1.25. 220.88

Mohammed claimed to be divinely inspired on the ground that his literary style was too good to be the invention of an ordinary human brain. The writers of the Bible might put forward the same claims with greater justice; for the Bible is certainly a finer piece of literature than the Koran. It is with the Bible as a literary masterpiece that Mr. Phelps concerns himself in the present volume. He writes with charm of the profit and pleasure to be derived from the reading of the sacred books. One essay is devoted to St. Paul as a letter-writer, and one—perhaps the best in the book—to "Short Stories in the Bible."

## 300 SOCIOLOGY.

**Cox (Harold).** THE COAL INDUSTRY: DANGERS OF NATIONALISATION. Longmans, 1919. 8½ in. 18 pp. paper, 6d. 333.8

The third impression of this pamphlet, which is based upon the evidence given by the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*

before the Coal Commission. Dealing with the Fabian proposal of nationalization, Mr. Cox says that, according to the estimates for 1919-20, the Post Office, "the one illustration of professedly successful State enterprise in this country which the Socialists have ever been able to put forward," is being carried on at a loss to the State. He argues, moreover, that if the mines and other industries are placed under the direct control of the State, "industrial conscription... will take the place of the present industrial liberty."

**India.** INDIAN EDUCATION IN 1917-18 (Bureau of Education, India). Calcutta, Supt. Govt. Printing, 1919. 11 in. 88 pp. paper, 1/ 379.54

The Educational Commissioner with the Government of India reports that the war continued to exercise an adverse influence upon educational progress, especially in Burma, but nevertheless there has been a general increase in the number of schools and pupils. The former have risen by 4,164 to 196,919, the latter by 96,122 to 7,948,068. The number of girls at school rose by 33,770 to 1,264,189.

**Institut Intermédiaire International.** BULLETIN: publication trimestrielle. 1ère année, no. 1—2, Janvier-Avril. Harlem, H. D. Tjeenk Willink & Fils; The Hague, Nijhoff, 1919. 9½ in. 274 pp. paper, subscr. 17.50 fl. 341.1

The International Intermediary Institute, the offices of which are at The Hague, has been founded with the object of supplying information on all matters of international interest, with the exception of such as are secret or confidential, relating to the rights of individuals, to national or international law and its application, and to statistical, economic, and politico-commercial problems. The first number of the Bulletin comprises the statutes of the organization; a chronological record of the events which in 1918 marked the transition from war to peace, with copies of documents; a summary of legal decisions bearing upon international law, published during 1918 in various reviews; a paper by M. Jean Fischer dealing with the Zionist movement; and other useful matter.

**Langdon-Davies (John).** MILITARISM IN EDUCATION: a contribution to educational reconstruction. Headley [1919]. 7½ in. 154 pp. apps., 2/6 and 3/6 n. 371.43

The author contrasts the German and English systems of education, gives an account of the scholastic methods adopted in Norway, deals at considerable length with the aims of real physical training, devotes a chapter to boy scouts, and brings many arguments against compulsory national service, to which he is strongly opposed.

## 400 PHILOLOGY.

**Esnault (Gaston).** LE POILU TEL QU'IL SE PARLE: dictionnaire des termes populaires, récents et neufs, employés aux armées en 1914-18. Paris, Bossard, 1919. 6½ in. 603 pp. ind. paper, 7 fr. 50. 443

See review, p. 474.

**Hoare (Alfred).** A SHORT ITALIAN DICTIONARY: vol. 2, ENGLISH-ITALIAN. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 8½ in. 300 pp., 7/6 n. 453

See review, p. 473.

**Modern Philology:** a journal devoted to research in modern languages and literatures: general section, part 3, vol. 16, no. 12. Chicago, Univ. Press, April, 1919. 10 in. 50 pp. paper. 405

Four longish articles occupy the whole number—on Chaucer and Lucan's "Pharsalia," Coleridge as a philologist, the sources of Wieland's "Don Sylvio," and the Gaelic "Ballad of the Mantle." The second shows up the superficiality and pretentiousness of Coleridge's philological criticism. Wieland's indebtedness to Bougeant's "Voyage merveilleux du Prince Fan-Férédin dans la Romancie" is the subject of the third paper.

**Patterson (William Robert).** COLLOQUIAL SPANISH. Kegan Paul. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1919. 7½ in. 176 pp. app. limp cloth, 2/6 468.2

This useful guide to everyday Spanish, by the author of the "Language-Student's Manual," is intended for those who wish to acquire a fair knowledge of the Spanish language "in the shortest possible time." The arrangement of the book is

simple: and students of Spanish should find Mr. Patterson's manual of real assistance.

**Thomsen (Vilh.).** SAMLEDE AFHANDLINGER: første bind. Copenhagen and Christiania, Gyldendalske Boghandel, Nordisk Forlag, 1919. 9½ in. 453 pp. por. ind., subscription for the 3 vols., 23 kr. 404

The first of three volumes of the author's collected essays, the book before us opens with a paper setting forth in a compendious form the leading facts in the history of philology. This is followed by an essay on Oriental philology in Denmark, and biographies of five Danish philologists—Rasmus Kristian Rask, Niels Ludvig Westergaard, Caspar Wilhelm Smith, Karl Verner, and Søren Sørensen. A long and important section is devoted to a series of papers dealing with the Scandinavian origins of the Russian nation.

#### 600 USEFUL ARTS.

**\*Allen (Charles R.).** THE INSTRUCTOR, THE MAN, AND THE JOB: a handbook for instructors of industrial and vocational subjects. Lippincott [1919]. 8 in. 382 pp. app. 6/ n. 658

The author of this guide to the efficient handling of new men in any industrial plant deals with the principles and methods of training, the analysis and classification of trade knowledge, lesson-planning, instructional management, and the like. The book should be serviceable.

**\*Maxwell (William).** THE TRAINING OF A SALESMAN ("Lippincott's Training Series"). Lippincott [1919]. 8 in. 222 pp. front. il., 6/ n. 658

The pages of this volume by the Vice-President of the Edison Company abound with shrewd hints to the would-be successful salesman and saleswoman; and the book, in addition, is amusing. The four phases of salesmanship, according to Mr. Maxwell, are gaining attention, enlarging interest, creating conviction, and closing.

#### 500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

**\*Cole (Sydney W.).** PRACTICAL PHYSIOLOGICAL CHEMISTRY. Cambridge, Heffer, 1919. 8½ in. 418 pp. il. app. ind., 15/ n. 547

The last edition of this book appeared in 1914. As might be expected of a work dealing with so progressive a subject as biochemistry, the present (5th) edition of the treatise has largely outgrown its predecessors. Many of the methods described in 1914 were already obsolete by 1917, and a considerable amount of revision was found to be necessary, in order that the new edition should embody the most recent chemical technique. A chapter has been added on the properties of solutions, in which particular attention is paid to the hydrogen-ion concentration and to the colloid state; and new chapters or sections deal with the preparation and properties of certain of the amino-acids, the preparation and hydrolysis of nucleic acid, the action of intestinal bacteria on proteins; the asymmetric carbon atom, and the theory of the polarimeter; autolysis, and the like. Numerous analytical exercises are dispersed through the volume.

**Jordan (David Starr).** ON CERTAIN GENERA OF ATHERINE FISHES (no. 2273, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 3 pp. il. paper. 597.5

The writer has been engaged on a general review of the Atherinidæ of the world, and the paper contains preliminary notes on certain interesting forms, with figures of two American species.

**\*Milne (John).** THE ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY OF THE STRAIGHT LINE AND THE CIRCLE ("Bell's Mathematical Series"). Bell, 1919. 7½ in. 256 pp. il. (diags.), 5/ 516.3

With the object of making the beginner's path as easy as possible, the author restricts the earlier chapters to the simpler forms of equations belonging to the straight line and circle. Moreover, a method is used for establishing the linear locus

which involves geometry of a very familiar kind, and this is afterwards applied in working out the distance of a point from a line. It is hoped that the student will thus progress along a road "of gentle slope, from well-known geometrical methods to the highly analytical processes involved in Joachimsthal's Ratio Equations." The book is plentifully illustrated, and well provided with exercises.

**Oberholser (Harry C.).** THE BIRDS OF THE TAMBELAN ISLANDS, SOUTH CHINA SEA (no. 2262, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 15 pp. paper. 598.2

Dr. W. L. Abbott was apparently the first ornithologist to explore the Tambelan Islands, only one of which is inhabited. During 1899 he spent two weeks in the islands, and collected fifty-three birds, representing twelve species. These and other species are described in the paper.

**Oberholser (Harry C.).** NOTES ON BIRDS COLLECTED BY DR. W. L. ABBOTT ON PULO TAYA, BERHALA STRAIT, SOUTH-EASTERN SUMATRA (no. 2268, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 8 pp. paper. 598.2

Dr. Abbott visited the island of Pulo Taya, situated rather more than thirty miles from Cape Bon, Sumatra, during July, 1899, and collected thirty specimens of birds, two of which (sunbirds) have since disappeared. The remaining twenty-eight represent eight species, and include three new sub-species.

**Oberholser (Harry, C.).** NOTES ON THE WRENS OF THE GENUS NANNUS BILLBERG (no. 2265, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 14 pp. paper. 598.2

The author examined 364 specimens of the genus *Nannus*, including representatives of all the North American forms and most of those inhabiting the Old World. The genus *Nannus* Billberg, which is by some authors merged with *Troglodytes* Vieillot, is considered by Mr. Oberholser to be sufficiently well marked to be treated as a separate group.

**Rohwer (S.A.) and Fagan (Margaret M.).** ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS TO "THE TYPE-SPECIES OF THE GENERA OF THE CYNIPOIDEA, OR THE GALL WASPS AND PARASITIC CYNIPIDS" (no. 2266, from the Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 4 pp. paper. 595.79

**United States National Museum.** REPORT ON THE PROGRESS AND CONDITION OF THE U.S. NATIONAL MUSEUM FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1918. Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 9½ in. 175 pp. front. plans, bibliog. 506

Stress is laid upon the value of the National Museum as a national asset since the entry of the United States into the war. The total number of accessions to the collections during the year was 1,288, with an aggregate of approximately 142,902 specimens and objects. One of the historical objects was a flag which flew on the Zeppelin L-49 at the time of its capture at Bourbonne-les-Bains, France, on October, 17, 1917, by Lieut. Lefevre, of the French army.

#### 800 LITERATURE.

**King (Richard).** WITH SILENT FRIENDS: second series. Jordan-Gaskell, St. Bride's House, Dean Street, E.C. 4. 8 in. 235 pp., 6/ n. 828.9

This is a further collection of aphorisms and aphoristic essays setting forth the same worldly and unworldly wisdom—the former especially, though not in the disparaging sense—as the first series and a large part of the author's subsequent "Passion and Pot Pourri." Mr. King writes from St. Dunstan's Hostel, and dedicates his work to the wounded who passed through the eye wards of the general hospital at Chelsea.

**Monsieur Lebureau et Monsieur Leparlement.** By Justin. Paris, Bossard, 1919. 6½ in. 92 pp. paper, fr. 1.80 847.9

M. Lebureau is first cousin to that charming character in the interminable stove-pipe hat, who brightens the pages of our evening papers. With his dossiers and his Gallic equivalent to red tape he has become, for the French, a beloved and familiar figure of fun. Justin has given him a



brother, M. Leparlement, the embodiment of the legislature. Now, as everyone knows, M. Lebureau has his faults; but is he the only begetter of incompetence and corruption? His brother is always glad to make a scapegoat of him; but, as Justin points out, M. Leparlement's zeal in ridiculing and vilipending his administrative twin is dictated by a fear of being himself found wanting. M. Leparlement exploits M. Lebureau, abuses him and makes no effort to reform his ways; for it is profitable for the parliamentarian to keep the administration in its present state. Justin's criticisms and suggestions for reform apply to France; but it would not require much alteration to make the cap fit on this side of the Channel as well.

**\*Sumner (William Graham).** THE FORGOTTEN MAN; and other essays. Ed. by Albert Galloway Keller. New Haven, Conn., Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 1918. 9 in. 559 pp. por. bibliog. ind., 10/6 814.4

This book is uniform with the three volumes of collected essays by the late Professor Sumner previously issued by the Yale University Press: "The Challenge of Facts, and other Essays," "Earth Hunger, and other Essays," and "War, and other Essays." The foremost place in the new volume is given to Sumner's criticism of Protection, "Protectionism, the -Ism which teaches that Waste makes Wealth." This is followed by "Tariff Reform," "What is Free Trade?" "Cause and Cure of Hard Times," and other notable papers. The title essay is at the end of the book.

**\*Trench (Herbert).** NAPOLEON: a play. Milford, 1919. 9½ in. 112 pp., 10/6 n. 822.9

"You are the eddy—they are the tide," says Mrs. Wickham to Napoleon over the body of her dead son. The tide of humanity sweeps onward, and the Napoleonic selfishnesses and individualisms that run counter to it are no more than eddies swirling back against the current, soon to be straightened out again by the irresistible onrush. Geoffrey Wickham is the apostle of humanity, whose aim it is to make Napoleon see the unreasonableness of his attitude. His plan is to kidnap Napoleon from Boulogne—it is the year of the threatened invasion of England—to take him out to sea, and there, in solitude, to persuade him into reason. The plot of the play, which is full of dramatic situations, is the story of his failure and death. Mr. Trench uses prose as his medium except in the critical scene between Wickham and Napoleon, where he rises to a fine and rather Browning-like blank verse.

**Woolf (Virginia).** KEW GARDENS; with woodcuts by Vanessa Bell. Richmond, Hogarth Press, 1919. 9½ in. 14 pp. paper, 2/ n. 824

See review, p. 459.

### FICTION.

**Charnwood (Lady).** THE DEAN. Constable, 1919. 8 in. 312 pp., 6/ n.

This gentle tale of ecclesiastical circles is remarkable for the extraordinary number of its characters. Lady Charnwood seems to think in terms of congregations. No one person is conspicuous; nothing happens to disturb the atmosphere of well-bred, well-nourished ease. True, a grim verger comes in from time to time, taps a young man on the shoulder and leads him away; but their departing footfalls are discreetly muffled. Even the light falling upon the dean is tempered—is from stained-glass windows.

**Gregory (Jackson).** THE JOYOUS TROUBLE-MAKER. Melrose, 1918. 7½ in. 317 pp., 5/ n.

In this very wild story of the Wild West a muscular hero, living the simple life, falls a victim to the "quaint charm" of the opulent "Queen of Thunder Ranch," and persuades her that wealth and power are not the only good the gods provide.

**Laing (Janet).** THE MAN WITH THE LAMP. Dent, 1919. 8 in. 287 pp., 6/6 n.

If the reader does not take this book too seriously he will find much in it that is moderately amusing and interesting. Rationalism is so unpopular nowadays, and there is so much vague sympathy with certain Eastern teachings, that the author's references to reincarnation and the civilization of Knossos will receive a half-serious attention from a great

number of people. The highly sensitive German musician is hardly convincing, but his adventures are sufficiently interesting, and he may help the more stupid "patriot" to become a little less blatant. The Scotch characters talk in the way we have learnt to expect, so they are probably realistic enough. Much of the book is about music, and here the author is quite at home. She is one of the two or three novelists of whom so much can be said.

**\*Mais (S. P. B.).** THE EDUCATION OF A PHILANDERER. Grant Richards, 1919. 8 in. 349 pp. 7/ n.

The character-drawing is vigorous but superficial, and the dialogue has more slang and galvanic energy than life in it. But Mr. Mais hits off the queerinesses and futilities of a number of men and the stronger points of several women, in this sentimental biography of a shy young fellow at a private school at Oxford, and again as a schoolmaster and a husband.

**\*Waller (Mary E.).** OUT OF THE SILENCES. Melrose, 1919. 7½ in. 320 pp. 6/ n.

The reader who wishes to gain some insight into the customs of the North American Indian, his philosophy, and his code of ethics will glean much from this interesting story, which embodies numerous pictures of Indian life and character in the land of the Dakotas, not a great distance from the fastnesses of the Turtle Mountains. The heroine of the book is half Scotch, for her mother has been born in Montreal of Scots parentage. The hero is killed in the war; and the story ends on a grave but not entirely unhappy note.

**Watson (R. D.).** THE DREAM GIRL. Heath Cranton [1919]. 7½ in. 316 pp. 6/ n.

An improbable, but rather amusing and towards the end exciting story of a girl to whose brother has been bequeathed a hop farm. The brother happens to be dead, but the girl dresses in his clothes, impersonates him, and works the farm. She falls into various difficulties, but eventually marries an artist who has introduced her likeness into a picture.

**Westron (Charles W.).** SALTY. Heath Cranton [1919]. 8 in. 128 pp., 2/ n.

Amusing yarns, purporting to have been spun by a boatman named Oliver Trimble. Two of the best are "The Jigger" and "The Trident."

### 822.33 SHAKESPEARE.

**Barton (Sir Dunbar Plunket).** LINKS BETWEEN IRELAND AND SHAKESPEARE. Maunsell, 1919. 8 in. 283 pp. notes, ind., 5/ n. 822.33

See review, p. 457.

### 920 BIOGRAPHY.

**\*Gauguin (Paul).** LETTRES DE PAUL GAUGUIN À GEORGES-DANIEL DE MONFRIED. Paris, Crès, 1919. 7½ in. 357 pp. il, fr. 5.50. 920

These letters to an intimate friend by the famous Post-Impressionist painter cover the period of his voluntary exile in the South Seas, 1891 to 1903, when he died in solitude, misery and despair in the Marquesas. M. Segalen, the writer of the introductory essay, did not know Gauguin himself, but was living in the Marquesas at the time of his death. His account of the desertion of the dying man and the sale of his property to a jeering crowd is pitiful.

**\*Molmenti, P.** CARTEGGI CASANOVIANI. Vol. 2. Milano. Sandròn [1919]. 8 in. XXXIX. 396 pp. 7 lire. 920

This volume of Casanova's correspondence consists of letters from the Venetian patrician, Pietro Zaguri, to the exiled adventurer. They cover the period from 1772 to 1798, thus including the fall of Venice. Zaguri throughout shows himself to have been a typical member of his class during the decadence.

**Taylor (George William).** THE BOY WITH THE GUNS. By the late Lieut. George W. Taylor; arranged by his sister, Mrs. Roger Cookson. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 241 pp. il. por. maps, 5/ n. 920

Sir James Crichton-Browne writes the introduction to this selection from his grandson's notes and letters. Mr. Taylor, who was called to the Bar in 1916, served in Egypt, Gallipoli, Serbia, and on the Western front. He died in November, 1917, as the result of gas-poisoning. The notes on the Serbian expedition are of special interest.

## 930-990 HISTORY.

**China.** THE BOXERS' INDEMNITY AND EDUCATION: why China claims to cancel the outstanding indemnity, and how she will use it. (China National Defence League in Europe) St. Clements Press, W.2, 1919. 7½ in. 12 pp. paper. 951

As one of the terms in the final settlement of the Boxers' riot, China was to pay an indemnity of £67,500,000, to be distributed among a number of nations, and payment to be spread over thirty-nine years. Of this sum over £40,000,000 has been paid. It is contended that the Boxers' riot was an act of "irresponsible mobs and a denounced tyrant of foreign origin," that the nation as a whole never sanctioned the act, and that in the circumstances China is justified in asking to be relieved from payment and to be allowed to use the money in sending Chinese students to foreign universities, in the establishment of universities, museums, and libraries in China, and in the foundation and maintenance of observatories, laboratories, and experimental stations.

**Grillo (Ernesto).** FIUME: the only possible solution. Glasgow, International Book Store, 148, Sauchiehall Street [1919]. 8½ in. 24 pp. paper, 1/ 945.09

This lecture, delivered in Glasgow, is a clear exposition of the Italian point of view in regard to the dispute about Fiume. Dr. Grillo advocates making Fiume "a free port under the sovereignty of Italy, which would guarantee the management of municipal affairs and full liberty of trading for all the people who live in the hinterland, whatever nation they may be."

**Michelet (Jules).** LES FRANÇAIS À LA IÈRE CROISADE: from Michelet's Histoire de France (Episodes Mémorables de l'Histoire de France). Blackie, 1919. 6½ in. 48 pp. limp cloth, 9d. n. 944.02

Provided with an introduction, footnotes, and a vocabulary.

**Milroy (Lilias) and Browne (Elizabeth M.).** A BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY FOR CHILDREN; part I. Blackie [1919]. 7 in. 208 pp. il., 2/6 n. 942

The authors describe this history as "an attempt to steer between those mere 'outlines,' which are bound to be lacking in interest for young children, and the more copious books of stories from history . . . apt to be rather too bulky for use as textbooks, and sometimes rather too disconnected to convey an adequate sense of the passage of time through the centuries."

**Syria.** CONGRÈS FRANÇAIS DE LA SYRIE [3, 4, et 5 Janvier, 1919], (Chamber de Commerce de Marseille): Séances et Travaux; fascicule 2, SECTION D'ARCHÉOLOGIE, HISTOIRE, GÉOGRAPHIE ET ETHNOGRAPHIE. Paris, Champion. 1919. 11½ in. 252 pp. il. map, paper. 939.4 and 956.9

The first place in this substantial volume of transactions is given to the inaugural discourse of M. Ernest Babelon, President of the Section, who emphasizes the great part played by France in the province of Oriental studies—archæological, historical, geographical, philological, and ethnographical. Among the subjects treated are: The Marseillais in the Levant in Roman times (Dr. Jules Baillet); Frankish ruins in Syria and Palestine (Drs. L. and P. Murat); the Protectorate of Charlemagne over the Christians of Palestine—"le premier titre sur lequel reposent les droits historiques de la France en Syrie" (Professor Louis Bréhier); the relations of Provence with the Levant from the fifth century to the Crusades (Professor Eugène Duprat); the Abbey of St. Victor and Palestine in the time of the Crusades (the same author); a sovereign act of Charles I. of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, as King of Jerusalem, 1284 (Comte de Gerin-Ricard); and "The Title of King of Jerusalem and France" (Comte Paul Durrieu).

**U.R.S.A.: The United Russia Societies Association.** PROCEEDINGS, vol. 1 (1917-18). Nutt, 1919. 8½ in. 265 pp. 10/6 n. 947.08

This is a fascinating volume. Professor Sir Paul Vinogradoff's paper, "Some Impressions of the Russian Revolution," will deeply interest readers of every class. Equally noteworthy is Mr. Aylmer Maude's lecture upon Tolstoy. Musicians will be attracted by the paper on Tschaikevsky by Mr. Norman Pentty, as well as by Miss Emma Davidson's

"Some Characteristics of Russian Music," and Mr. M. Montagu Nathan's "Music and Politics in Russia." Of great interest also are Mr. Robert Wilton's address, "The State of Parties in Russia," Mrs. Sonia Howe's notes, "Petrograd—Moscow, May and August, 1917," and the account of the Russian Red Cross by M. Mouraviev Apostol.

## 940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

**Dodecanese.** LE DODÉCANÈSE DEVANT LE CONGRÈS DE LA PAIX. Comité Exécutif des Habitants du Dodécanèse, Burlington Chambers, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Paris, 4, Rue de Messine. 9½ in. 62 pp. paper. 945.09

Memoirs and official documents which have been submitted to the Peace Conference by Dr. Skevoservos and M. Paris Roussos on behalf of the inhabitants of the islands of the Dodecanese, at present in the possession of Italy.

**Whitlock (Brand).** BELGIUM UNDER THE GERMAN OCCUPATION: a personal narrative. Heinemann, 1919. 2 vols. 9 in. 500, 484 pp. pors. ind., 25/ n. 940.9  
See review, p. 462.

## BIBLIOTHECA PHILLIPPICA.

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## Legal Notice

PURSUANT to an Order of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice made in the Matter of the Estate of Claude Arthur Cary Askew, deceased, and in an Action ASKEW v. SOMMERVILLE and others, 1919 A No. 161, the creditors of Claude Arthur Cary Askew, late of "Botches," Wivelsfield Green, in the County of Sussex, Author (who died on the 6th day of October, 1917), are on or before the 16th day of July, 1919, to send by post prepaid to Frederick Walter Atkey, of 9a, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1, a member of the Firm of Atkey Clarke & Atkey, of the same place, Solicitors for the Plaintiff, Hugh Henry John Percy Cary Askew, the Executor of the deceased, their Christian and Surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their Claims, a Statement of their Accounts, and the nature of their Securities (if any) held by them or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said Order. Every Creditor holding any security is to produce the same before Mr. Justice Sargent at his Chambers, the Royal Courts of Justice, London, on Wednesday, the 23rd day of July, 1919, at 12 o'clock at noon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims, Dated this tenth day of June, 1919.

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